THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1287]
AUGUST 15, 1928
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

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Per dozen carriage paid

Findlater's "Mitre." A fine tawny wine, delicate and clean to the palate .. 58/-

Findlater's "Treble Diamond Port." This is a lovely soft wine of perfect ruby colour well matured in wood. It is very popular at many well-known clubs 82/-

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Findlater's "Dry Club." An exceedingly pleasant wine, on the dry side, which will be appreciated by the connoisseur either as an apéritif or at dinner 64/-

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Teeth may shine like tinted pearls STILL . . .

Too often, teeth seem so safe because they gleam in their natural whiteness. Then, suddenly, Pyorrhœa attacks the unwary.

As a result of neglect, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, pay the penalty of Pyorrhœa.

For safety's sake, protect your gums and your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly, and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day. Used regularly and in time, Forhan's For the Gums keeps gums sound and healthy, and so safeguards your health against the attack of dread Pyorrhœa.

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Make this **10** *Day Test*

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FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste . . . it checks Pyorrhœa

The "Heaped Fire" leads the way in open fireplace efficiency. Furthermore, it embodies the superior beauty and finish inseparable from Bratt Colbran productions.

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The Bystander, August 15, 1928 No. 1287. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

BY JEAN HARDY

CHANSON D'ÉTÉ

Under the Greenwood Tree

Miss Compton Collier

Lady Raglan with her little daughter, Janetta, in the grounds of their home, Cefntilla Court, Usk. Lady Raglan, who married the present baron in 1923, is the only daughter of the 11th Baron Belhaven and Stenton

THE PRINCE AT YPRES *Central Press*

The Prince of Wales photographed with Prince Charles of Belgium, with Earl Jellicoe, the President of the British Legion, walking behind, at the inspection of the Guard of Honour at Ypres. This was on the occasion of the recent pilgrimage in honour of the fallen and was one of the most impressive of post-war ceremonies

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Two Generations

EVERY year, no matter who else may be bidden, one guest is always invited to stay on the Royal yacht for Cowes Week. This is the Marquise d'Hautpoul, whose close friendship with Queen Alexandra and King Edward has been repeated in an equally close friendship with the King and Queen.

The Marquise d'Hautpoul is a sister of the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, who has been one of the King's Grooms-in-Waiting ever since his accession, and before that was Groom-in-Waiting to King Edward and a Gentleman Usher to Queen Victoria. He is a remarkably good shot, and is generally included in the King's shooting parties.

The Marquise d'Hautpoul and Sir Harry Stonor are aunt and uncle to the present Lord Camoys, the head of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in the kingdom. The barony of Camoys dates back to the time of the Battle of Agincourt, but it was in abeyance for over four hundred years. The abeyancy was terminated in favour of the Marquise d'Hautpoul's grandfather, the third Lord Camoys, who was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria for twenty-four years. His grandson and successor, the Marquise d'Hautpoul's brother, was also a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. An interesting history could be written of the services given by individual families to our Sovereigns, services going on from one generation to another, but none would be more interesting than that of the Stonor family.

When the third Lord Camoys was appointed a Lord-in-

THE DUKE IN CAMP *Topical*

The Duke of York photographed at the famous camp which bears his name with some of the Camp Leaders. Over four hundred boys from Public Schools and workshops from all parts of the country attended this camp at New Romney

Waiting, the bitterness roused by the Catholic Emancipation Act had not wholly died down, and in uncompromising Protestant quarters the appointment was severely criticised. But for the passing of the Act the appointment would have been impossible. Queen Victoria and her advisers set the example of tolerance and thereby gained the devoted service of two generations of Stonors to herself, her son, and her grandson. Interesting, isn't it?

Old Memories Revived

WHEN the King goes to Studley Royal for the grouse shooting he will find himself on moors well known to him both as Duke of York and Prince of Wales. Studley Royal—what a perfect name for a house that entertains a King—belonged to the late Marquess of Ripon, who, with the late Lord Walsingham, was always bracketed with the King as being the three best shots in England.

The bags at Studley Royal were amazing—Lord Ripon kept a faithful account for years—but whenever the King was one of the guns you find the biggest numbers.

After Lord Ripon's death Studley Royal was bought by Commander Clare Vyner, the second son of the late Lord Alwyne Compton. He took the name of his maternal grandfather, the late Mr. Robert Vyner, when the latter died and left him a fortune, and married Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Lady Doris is a close friend of the Duchess of York, and was one of her bridesmaids.

I hear that Commander Vyner has kept the preserves at Studley Royal well up to the old traditions, and that, as they have escaped the disease amongst the grouse which prevents the King going to Bolton Abbey this year, His Majesty should most certainly have good sport. Commander Vyner's elder brother, Mr. Edward Compton, is heir to the Marquisate of Northampton.

Sport and General

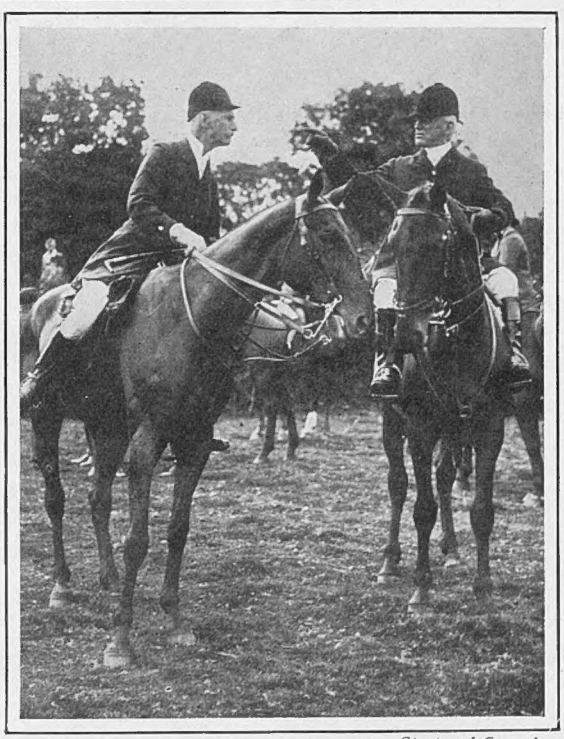
WITH THE HOUNDS

Princess Mary renewing acquaintances among the Bramham Moor Hounds at Hope Hall. She was an interested spectator of the Puppy judging

Sport and General

IN YORKSHIRE

Lord Lascelles (left), the Hon. Edward Lascelles and the Earl of Balfour. The photograph was taken during the Bramham Moor Hunt Puppy judging which took place recently at Hope Hall



Sport and General

IN DEVON

Lord Fortescue discussing the season's prospects with Colonel W. W. Wiggin, the Master, at the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. This took place at Cloutsham, on Exmoor

A Royal Freewoman

IT was only right and fitting that the name of Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll should be the first to be inscribed upon the roll of the Freemen of the Borough of Kensington. Not only is the Princess one of the oldest inhabitants of the Royal borough—Queen Victoria gave Kensington its right to use the word "Royal"—but ever since she went to live in Kensington Palace she has identified herself with all its philanthropic interests, especially the hospitals, and in many other ways beside. Kensington owes a great deal to Princess Louise, and by making her its first "freeman," Kensington shows that it realises what her unfailing interest and help of years has meant to the borough.

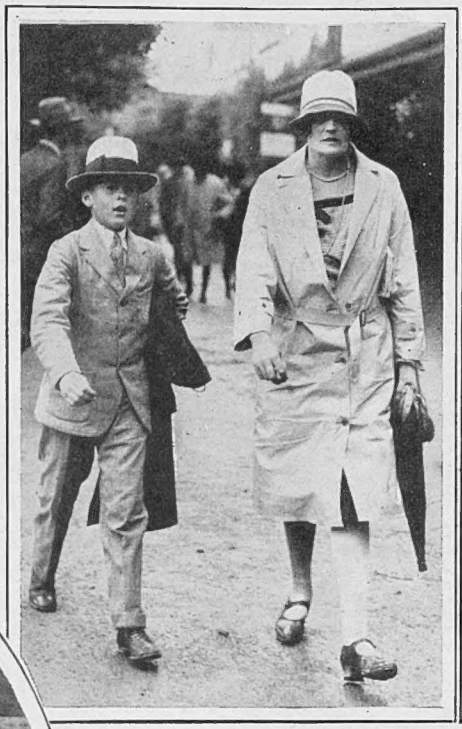
After her marriage to the late Duke of Argyll, then the Marquess of Lorne, Princess Louise lived in Grosvenor Crescent. Later on Queen Victoria gave her a suite of apartments in Kensington Palace, in the wing facing the High Street, Kensington, and this has been her London residence ever since. Queen Victoria also gave her Barton Manor, near Osborne, but this was given up after the late Duke's death, and now the Princess's only country home is Roseneath Castle, in Dumbartonshire, which was left to her by her husband, who bought it from his father.

It is a stately and imposing-

looking pile when viewed from the loch, on the bank of which it stands, but actually one half of it is only outside wall. It was built by an extravagant Duke of Argyll in the days of the Regency. Funds ran out, and about only half of it was finished. The rest, however, makes a house so large and comfortable that no succeeding Duke of Argyll found it necessary to carry out the original plan.

Scottish Shootings

AGAIN the hearts of Scottish owners of grouse moors, deer forests, and fishing waters should rejoice. On all hands I hear the lettings are excellent. In fact, in some of the more favoured regions the demand exceeds the supply.



Sport and General

LADY BROOKE AND MASTER GEORGE BROOKE

L.N.A.

LORD AND LADY LONGFORD

Sport and General

MISS M. RYAN AND LADY MARY GROSVENOR

AN IRISH OCCASION

Some of the well-known people who were amongst the vast crowds which attended the Royal Dublin Horse Show this year

I. B.

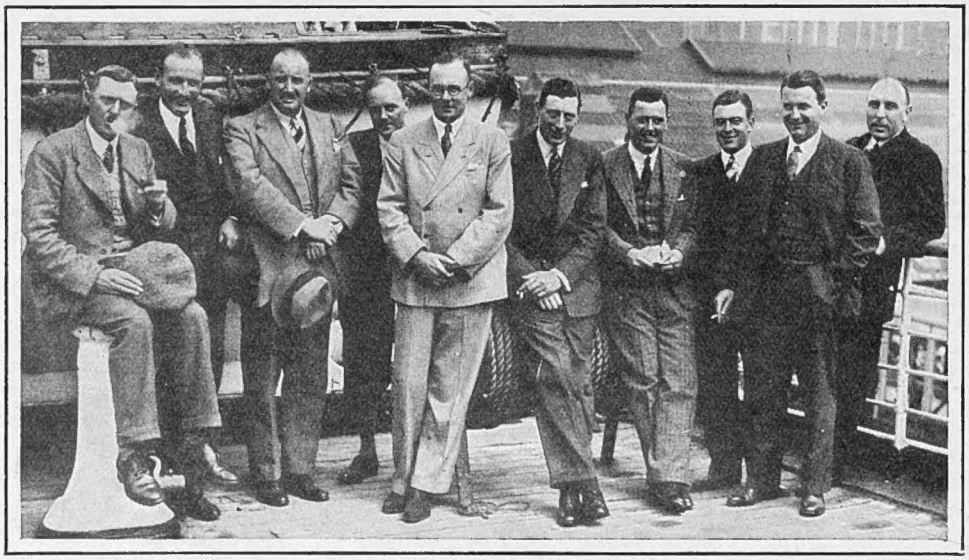
THE COUNTESS VAN CUSTEM (left), LADY MUSGRAVE AND LADY DE FREYNE

Amongst the more important " lets " is that of Cortachy Castle and its moors, where Colonel and Lady Zia Wernher will be the tenants of the Earl of Airlie. Not long ago Lord Airlie installed a model dairy at Cortachy to supply the neighbouring town of Kirriemuir—Barrie's " Thrums " —with milk and dairy produce. The great point in this dairy is that from the moment it leaves the cow until it arrives at the customer's door the milk is never touched by human hand. All is done by machinery, even to the milking of the cows!

The Duke of Buccleuch has let Mitchellslacks, in Dumfries and Lanark, to Mr. Donald Beath, and in Aberdeenshire Lord Forbes has let Castle Forbes to Mr. Cecil F. Raphael. Colonel Grenfell will be the Duke of Atholl's tenant at Glenbruar, in Perthshire ; Lord Glanusk has taken Glencanisp, in the Forest of Sutherland ; and Almina Countess of Carnarvon has taken Rannock Barracks, in Perthshire. In Inverness-shire, Lord Marshall of Chipstead will be at the House of Farr, belonging to Mr. W. Dalziel Mackenzie ; in Ayrshire, the Earl of Glasgow has let Kilburne Castle ; and in Ross-shire the Countess of Cromartie has let Castle Leod.

The Squadron Protects Itself

IT would be a super gate-crasher—whether a he or a she —who squeezed into the garden of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. But this year, apparently, there were fears that some of the confraternity might try to repeat their successes elsewhere, if only out of bravado. Those who did not wear their badges where they could be seen by the guardian of the gate were asked to show them. The men's badges were bright blue, the ladies' white.



BOUND FOR NEW YORK *Sport and General*

Some of the British Golf Team which is to compete for the Walker Cup in America photographed on board the White Star liner Baltic. Capt. G. N. C. Martin (left), J. B. Beck, Major C. O. Hezlett, Dr. A. R. MacCallum, T. P. Perkins, T. A. Torrance, Dr. W. Tweddell (Capt.), R. H. Hardman, W. L. Hope and H. Cullam (Secretary of the Royal and Ancient)

Central News

A WEDDING IN KENT

Mr. Francis James Rennell Rodd, son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Rennell Rodd and Lady Rodd, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Mary Constance Vivian Smith, daughter of Lady Sybil Smith. The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Westerham, Kent

The lawns are always crowded between tea and dinner, but each day there was no relaxation in the scrutiny of badges. The Royal Yacht Squadron is the most exclusive club in the world, and more than once candidates who have had the most august support have been blackballed. Think of the triumph of the gate-crasher who got within those exclusive portals! But narrow is the way, and the bearded one who guards the gate had an eagle eye for the white and blue badges.

Jewels and a Fortune

AFTER Cowes, Deauville for the gay and glittering ones who have not yet been lured to La Baule. Each year the pace at Deauville seems to grow faster and faster, and the dinner-hour later and later. This year most of its world is dining at ten o'clock, it not being considered *chic* to appear at the Casino before midnight. And what fortunes are made there! Listen to this.

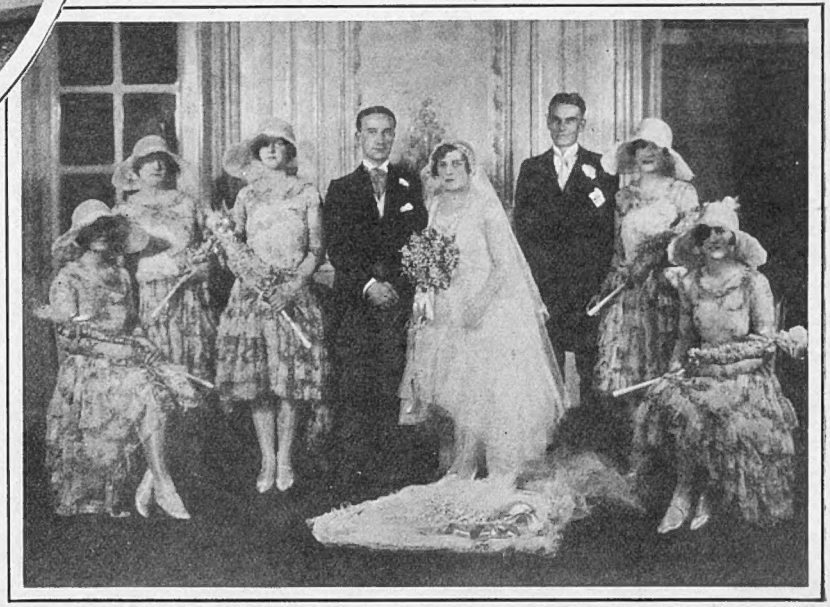
For three successive seasons an enterprising young Parisian jeweller had a little shop close to the Potinière. In the fourth season the shop had another owner, and the young man was staying in one of the big hotels and appearing nightly at the Casino, immaculate in his *smoking*. In three seasons he had made enough money to give him a comfortable income, and, on the top of that, he got a big sum for his business.

Quite a number of people promptly invest their winnings at the Casino in jewels—either for themselves or other people. Jewels are not cheap at Deauville, and when you get something like seven hundred per cent. on your original capital you can afford to retire as the young jeweller did. Also, there are millionaires from all over the world at Deauville. And with some millionaires the more they are asked the better value they think they're getting. Likewise, some millionaires delight in showering jewels on lovely ladies. So, what with one thing and another, the path of the jeweller at Deauville is " roses, roses all the way." And to the jewellers you must add the dressmakers and the milliners.

Broken by the War

THE pilgrimage of the British Legion, ten thousand strong, to the French and Belgian battlefields, which culminated in the profoundly moving service at the Menin Gate, in recalling the war memories of the living was likewise a tribute to our dead.

Sir Frederick Milner, the president of the Ex-Service Welfare Society, reminds us that, as a result of the War, we have now—ten years afterwards—6,000 ex-Service men in mental hospitals, and over 30,000 suffering from neurasthenia. These 30,000 are handicapped from resuming their pre-war occupations or obtain-



Lafayette

AFTER THE CEREMONY

The bridal group photographed at the Savoy Hotel after the marriage between Mr Frankland Dark and Miss Phyllis M. Spencer, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles F. Spencer. The wedding took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Dennis Moss

MISS DARRELL AND THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

ing employment. For this reason the Ex-Service Welfare Society has established an industry on a self-supporting basis whereby those ex-Service men suffering mentally or from nervous disorders can live under sheltered conditions away from the competitive world.

The Society, to which Sir Frederick devotes the whole of his time, not only gives care and treatment to these men, but assistance also to their wives and families.

Perhaps, in memory of this great pilgrimage to France, some of you would help the Ex-Service Welfare Society. It needs help. Donations or subscriptions may be sent to Sir Frederick Milner, Bt., 53, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Seaford Head Golf Links

THE following is an extract from a letter received from the Clerk of the Seaford Urban District Council relating to the references to Seaford Head Golf Links in the article on "Some Friendly Fairways," which appeared in our issue of July 25:—"Mr. Dell Leigh appears to have been misinformed as to the Council's position in this matter. The Ministry of Health raised no objection to such a necessary adjunct as a club house, and a very commodious club house was conveyed to the Council with the property. Obviously, an Urban Council is not a proper body to adequately administer such a technical undertaking as a golf club, and my Council very wisely decided to invite tenders for the lease of the links and the club house. There was no question of bidding, and your contributor seems to be confusing a tender with an auction sale.

"As a matter of fact the highest tender was *not* accepted because the Council felt that such an important undertaking should be in the hands of a golf club with considerable experience, and to this end the tender of a progressive South London club was accepted, and they enter into occupation on a 21 years' lease ir October next."

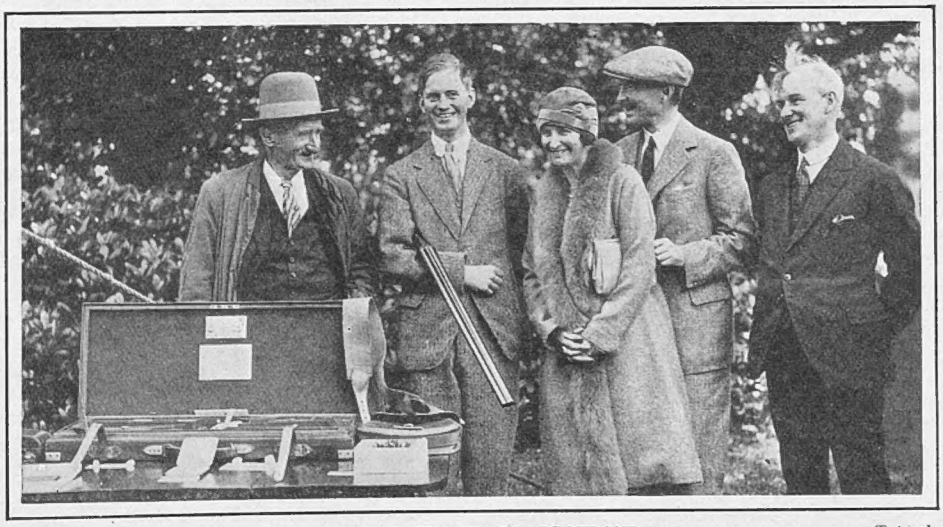
Dennis Moss

LORD ELMLEY LADY LETTICE LYGON, LADY MARY LYGON, LADY DOROTHY LYGON, AND MR. GERALD YORK

Some of those who, as soldiers or visitors, attended the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars' Camp, which was held this year at Wallingford, in Berkshire. The Duke of Beaufort, who was formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, is Colonel to the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars

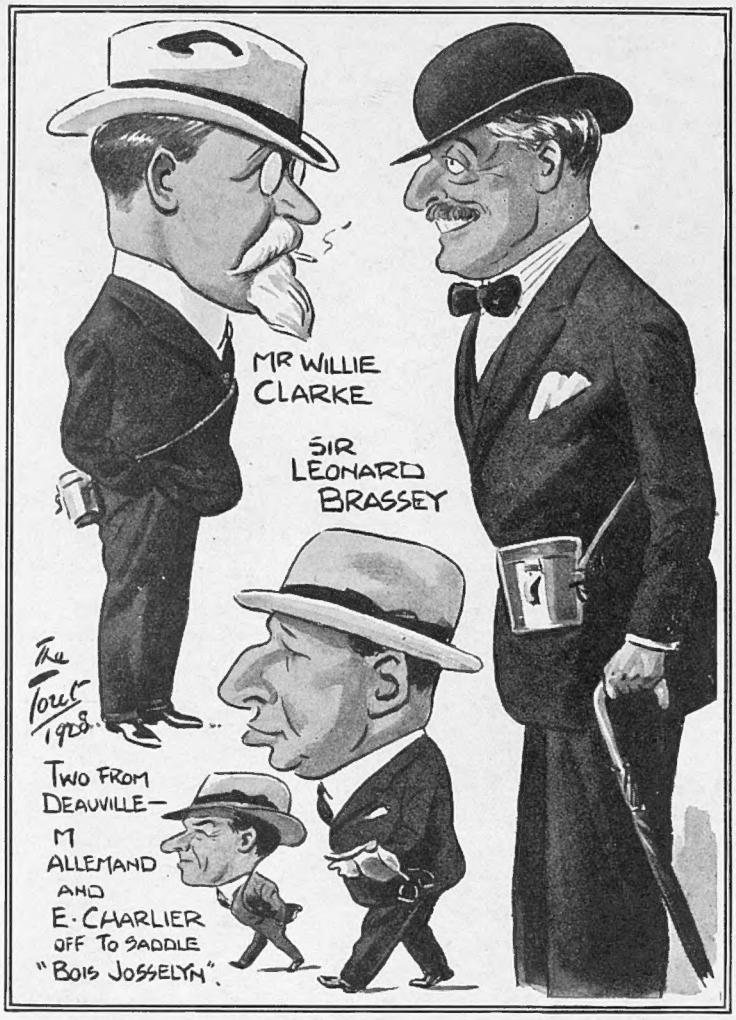
Dennis Moss

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND MR. LLOYD THOMAS



A COMING-OF-AGE IN SCOTLAND *Topical*

A group taken at the recent coming-of-age of Mr. Patrick St. John Stirling, son of Lieut.-Col. John Alexander Stirling, of Kippendavie, Dunblane. Mr. Stirling is seen being presented with a case of guns by Alexander Reid (the oldest tenant) on behalf of the tenantry



PADDOCK PERSONALITIES By "The Tout"

Mr. Willie Clarke, who has raced in this country for many years and owned many horses in partnership with the late Mr. Lionel Robinson, and trains with Persse. Sir Leonard Brassey is another patron of the Turf whose colours are not often seen these days, although he is usually to be found at the big meetings. E. Charlier is M. Jacques Wittouch's trainer, and will no doubt be busy saddling many winners on behalf of his patron at Deauville this month

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

At Brighton

People grumble every year about the old-fashioned arrangements of the Brighton racecourse, and I admit there is ample cause for grumbling. At the same time there is something particularly pleasant about the racing there on a fine day. When you have reached the top of the hills leading to the stands you will agree that the journey is well worth while. In front of the enclosures the downlands roll away as far as the eye can reach. From the paddock you enjoy expansive views of the Channel. The air is so invigorating that you are inspired with faith in your ability to back winners. That agreeable proceeding was not at all easy last week. On the opening day not a single favourite proved successful, and on the second only a couple of favourites turned up. As a personal experience, I won a nice little bit on the first afternoon and gave most of it back to the bookmakers on the second. You had to be extraordinarily lucky to back such winners as Manto, San San, and Western Sun.

Finding Winners

Although as a rule the fields are on the small side, it is a mistake to suppose that winners are easy to find on this course. This is mainly because of the switchback nature of the track. It by no means follows that the horse who is lengths in front on coming down the hill to the straight will be in the first three after climbing that steep slope which leads to the judge's box. One of the prettiest races of the meeting was that for the Brighton Cup, in which there was an exciting duel between those accomplished lightweights, Gordon Richards and Johnny Dines. If you go racing regularly you will have noticed how often these jockeys are battling against each other at the finish. They are great pals in the ordinary way, but desperately keen rivals on the racecourse. Richards is a few pounds heavier and slightly stronger than Dines, and it was largely his superior strength which enabled him to win on Miss Onslow by half a length from Uncle Woody.

One to Follow

The latter horse looked well after being absent from the racecourse since the Spring, and I think he will pay to follow for the rest of the season. It was a notable afternoon for the Manton stable, which brought off an agreeable double with Yoho and Miss Onslow, while on the preceding day it had picked up a race with Lord Astor's well-bred filly Picture, who is just the sort for this sharp course. I am glad to learn that this stable has now got over its coughing troubles. Its two-year-olds are likely to be prominent for the rest of the campaign on the flat. I hear that Torbuie and Cragadour both run at the York meeting—the former in the Prince of Wales's Stakes and the other in the Malton Plate. Do not forget that both may score on the Knavesmire. We are now approaching the pleasant circuit of Yorkshire meetings, beginning this week-end at Redcar. Then we go on to Stockton, following with the fixture on the Knavesmire, which is always one of the most attractive of the year. Finally comes Doncaster with its St. Leger and other good things which no keen race-goer would care to miss.

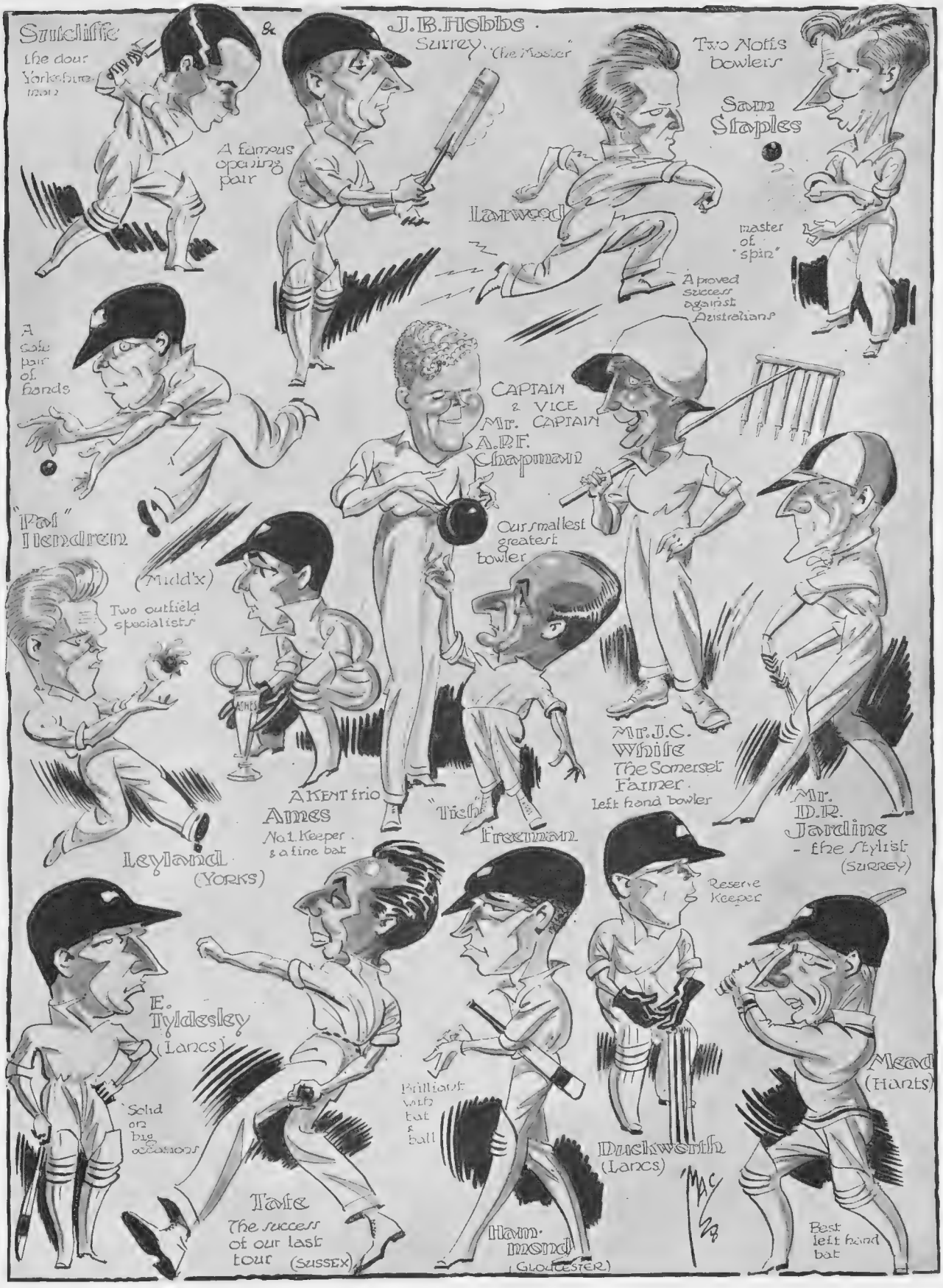
The St. Leger

All things seem to be shaping towards making the St. Leger one of the most interesting classic races of recent years. Many of those who saw Felstead win the Derby are convinced that he will repeat that triumph on the Town Moor. They argue that he is a great stayer, as, indeed, he is bred to be. Nor is he deficient in speed, and his admirers declare he will beat Flamingo more easily than he did in the Derby. Jack Jarvis, the trainer of the last-named colt, is by no means disposed to agree with this view, believing that in a differently-run race Flamingo will improve on his performance at Epsom. Fairway, too, has to be seriously considered in connection with the St. Leger. In the quotations on the race which were being advertised in the sporting papers last week Lord Derby's colt ranked as almost as good a favourite as Felstead. The doubt about him is whether he will stay the course.

Cyclonic's Chance

Further interest to the St. Leger situation will be given by the presence of Cyclonic, who did not compete for the Derby, but was beaten by Fairway in the Newmarket Stakes a few weeks previously. I venture to suggest, however, that in the Spring Cyclonic was by no means the horse that he is to-day. At the prices now current, I would as soon back Cyclonic as any other of the St. Leger candidates. An interesting experiment with later racing is being made at Kempton Park this week. It is the first mid-week fixture at which the 3 o'clock start has been tried. Possibly the experiment will not be a complete success owing to the fact that it comes in the middle of the holiday season. **Uncle Woody** is my selection for the Greenwood Plate on Wednesday, while **Rose Marie** may win the Princess Plate on the following day.

A "Testing" Occasion in Australia



BY MAC

Our artist's impression of the "Gentlemen of Merrie England" who will do battle for the Ashes this year in Australia. Both sides will be particularly strong in batting, and there should be some super-scoring on the Australian fast wickets

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

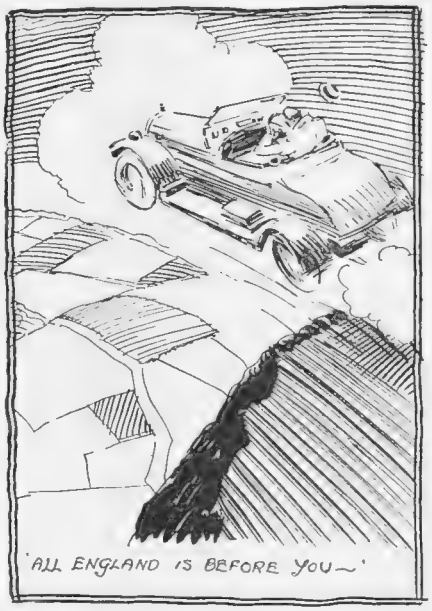
Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

The Return of the Bun

Rumour predicts the return to the chignon, that quaint phenomenon of those dear, stuffy and far-off Victorian days. I am willing to wager—to the extent, at least, of a packet of hairpins—that the rumour lies.

And shall the bugle fade away?
And shall the shingle die?
Here's twenty thousand English girls
Shall know the reason why.

And more than twenty thousand. The short-cut coiffure, in its most pleasing and becoming forms, is a symbol of hard-won freedom. Our daughters will no more return to the abysmal bun than to the billowing bustle or the flapping fringe-net. Should they do so, they would plunge me into an attitude of mysogyny that would ill consort with my gentle nature.



A World of Canvas

The loveliest canvas in the world is the swelling canvas of a yacht under full sail skimming along the horizon line where light and darker blue meet. But there is another kind of canvas that is not to be despised. I do not know how many of our goodly young men are under that kind of canvas at present. The number, I hope and believe, must be enormous.

The Statistician's View

Doubtless a statistician could tell you the number of tent-pegs now in use and how far the combined guy-ropes, now on duty throughout the land, would sketch if placed end to end. Lovingly fingering his notebook he would give you the number of shaving mirrors affixed to tent-poles, the number of canvas buckets being filled (and spilled), the number of bully-beef tins being opened with clasp knives, motor spanners or bayonets (property of His Majesty's Government), or the number of half-pounds of butter being sat on at any given moment. But no mathematician can compute the amount of fun derived from camping, for pure joy is limitless and incalculable.

Alleged Evils of Camping

The professional humorist—wretched fellow—will say his say. That is what the miserable man is paid for. He will dilate upon tent-poles that break in the night, upon predatory goats that eat tent-pegs, upon the sorrows of life bereft of a tin-opener, upon the rain that raineth every day. We take very little notice of *him*. He is jealous. He doesn't know the joy of filling his morning kettle from a limpid spring or of sitting down to a breakfast of sizzling bacon, cooked over a wood fire, with an appetite stung to rapacity by a plunge in the river. Camping is glorious. Indeed, if the fire wasn't smoking and it wasn't raining and my writing-pad hadn't been sprayed with sardine oil I could write much more in this idyllic strain. Admittedly, for the first night or two you feel that you are sleeping on concrete, wonder if that is an earwig about to creep into your ear, and keep on losing your blankets. But, you can't get away from it, camping *is* glorious!

The Motor Tour

A reasonable alternative to the camping holiday is the motor tour, unless, of course, you care to throw an old tent into the back seat of the car, and combine the two. This form of amusement—or penance, if you are

cynically inclined—grows in popularity every year. The advantages for the family are obvious. Instead of gasping in stuffy railway carriages and changing in frenzied haste fourteen times, you hurl a few old clothes into a case, affix it to your luggage grid, take your seat at the wheel, and there you are. All England is before you. Free from the cares of railway fares, porters, taxi drivers, reception clerks and head waiters, you are your own man. A holiday *is* a holiday.

Possible Snags

Let me be paternal. Let me dispense the counsel of the aged and wise. No ointment is without its fly, and even the blissful motoring holiday is not entirely free from the possibility of snags. In the first place, it is just as well not to attempt too much. You are travelling to see as much as you can, but if you are one of those people who feel they must visit Eastbourne, Aberystwyth, and Ecclefechan all on the same day, you will not be an ideal companion for a motor tour. Life with you will be something of a strain. You protest that you are not like that? I'm glad. Nevertheless, such people exist. *Crede experto.* Believe one who has been tried.

The Ideal Companion

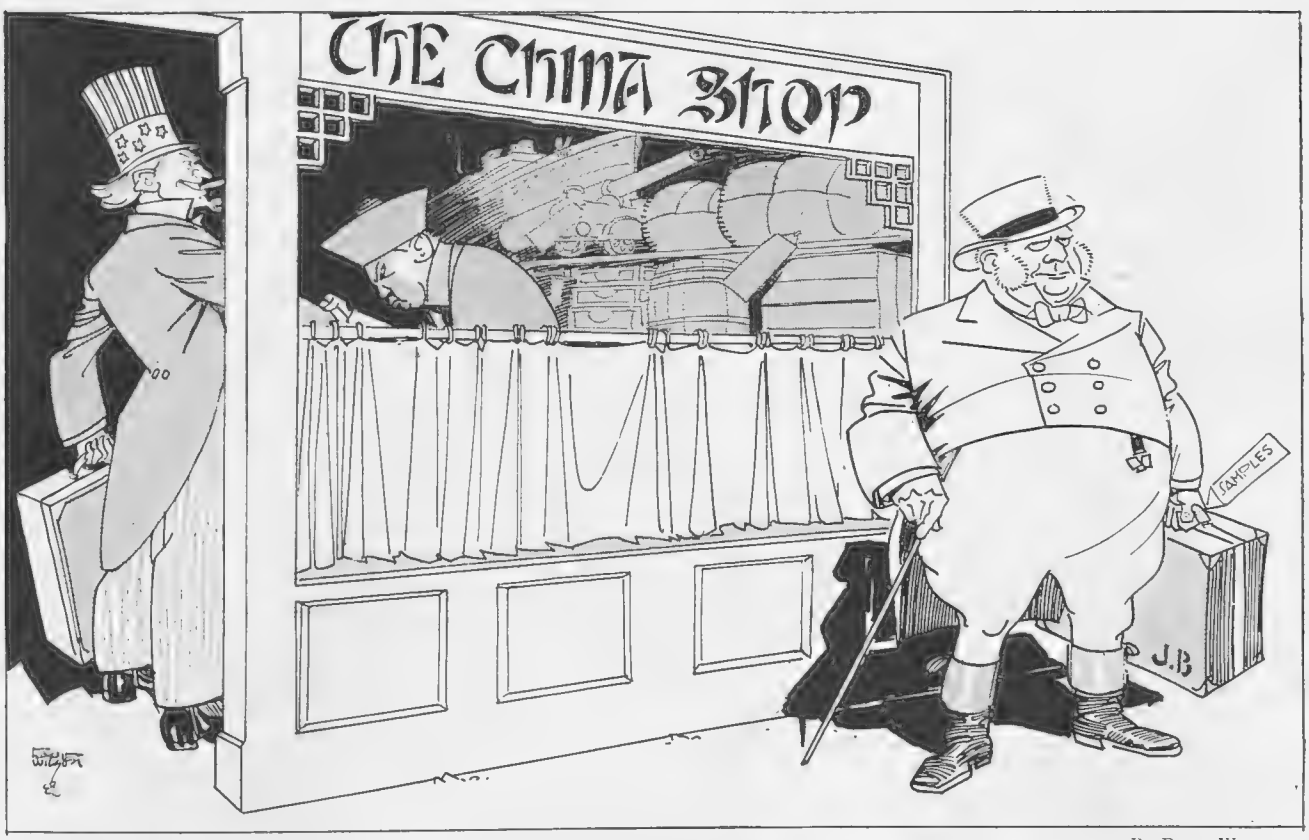
I once took a holiday with a man like that. A nice fellow, but too swift. While I was admiring Wells Cathedral he wanted to be off to the Yorkshire moors. By the time we reached Bolton Abbey he was in a fever to be off to Pitlochry. Wherever we happened to be it was his passionate desire to reach the opposite corner of Great Britain at sixty miles per hour. "We ought to get about," he would growl. "Can't spend our time mooning over a lot of mouldy old ruins. What's a car for?" That, I submit, is not the ideal companion. He would be a splendid writer of American songs, whereof the invariable burden is a feverish desire to be elsewhere. But as a motoring companion—no.

The Fellow You Want

The friend you need is a man of slow speech, good humour, and equable temperament, prepared, perhaps, to hurry if hurry is needed, but happy to loiter when loitering is pleasantest; a man who prefers the green by-lane to the broad, dull, arterial road; who loves orchards and cottage gardens and raftered inn kitchens; one with whom you can

"be full-fed on a sunny bank,
Where trees are leafy and grasses rank,
And meads are lush and berries ripe . . ."

And if, in addition to his other virtues, he knows what to do in case of magneto trouble, he is a friend indeed. Go, mark him. Grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel . . .



By David Wilson

THE "REVERSE!"

This time the "Bull" is not IN the china shop!

The Swing of Life at North Berwick

Photographs

MISS IRENE COATS AND MISS ELSA PARKER

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS ELSIE GRANT SUTTIE AND MRS. ROY ATHERTON

Central News

MISS EVELYN GRAHAME

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS LULU ESMOND AND MISS DIANA ESMOND

The season at North Berwick is now getting well under way, and this attractive course is proving as popular as ever. Above are some of those who are enjoying in full the ancient game o' gowf in the North

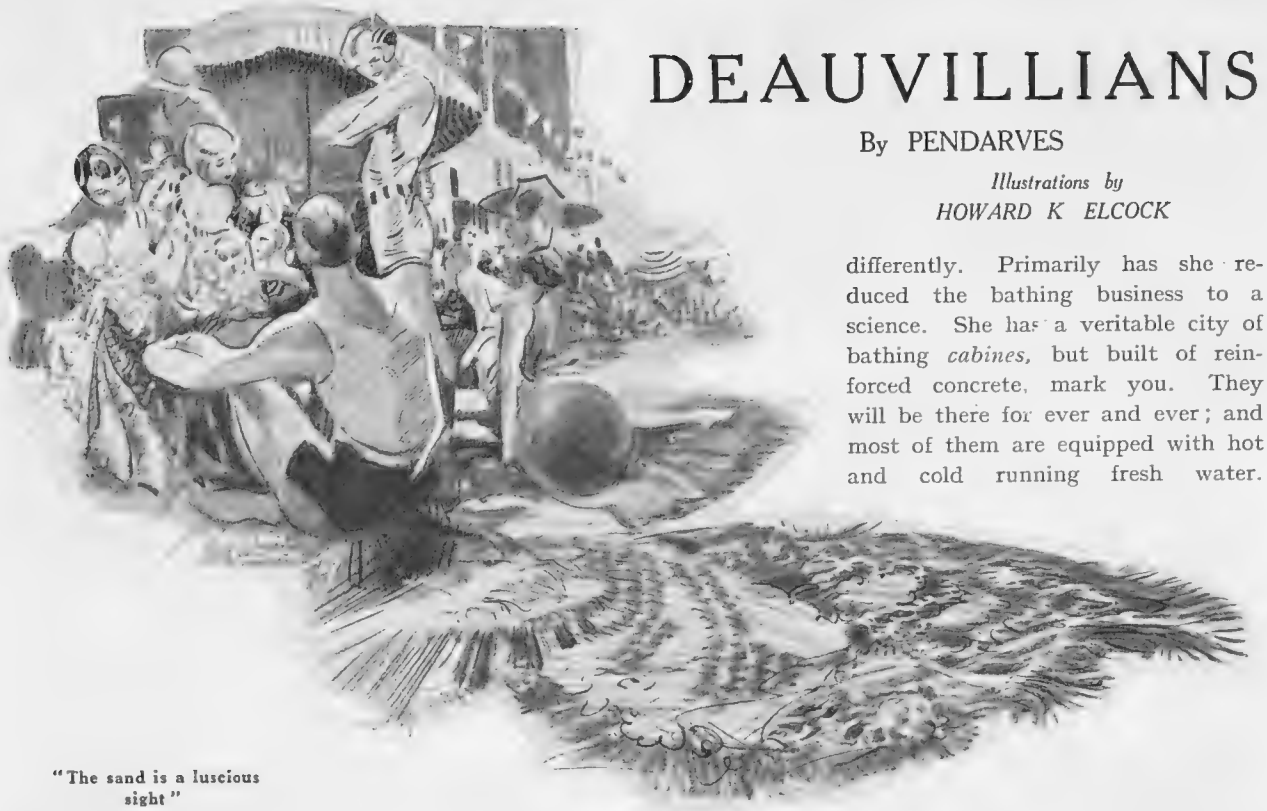
J. C. H. Balmain

MISS ROSEMARY HOPE VERE

DEAUVILLIANS

By PENDARVES

Illustrations by
HOWARD K ELCOCK



"The sand is a luscious sight"

FOR a French sea-coast bathing holiday a fearful decision has to be made. The names of the places are almost legion. But there is something about the word "Deauville" which has a strong lure for English people. And when you get there, coming across by the early morning boat from Havre, Trouville looms up first in the haze and you wonder if you have made some awful mistake. Was it Trouville or Deauville they told you about? You see, they lie alongside each other, separated only by the harbour and the busy bourgeoisie of the *Marché*. And, like most neighbours, they say unkind things about each other. Deauville built itself up on the experience of the older town; and Trouville wishes to goodness it wouldn't come butting in like this. . . .

But we need not bother about that. They become extremely good friends again in the autumn, when they are counting up the joint cash—which keeps them occupied for weeks on end! Trouville amazed me yesterday morning. If you can visualise a stretch of sand, seemingly a couple of miles long (it can't be much less), literally *plastered* with every colour under the sun, the colours being the frocks of women, bathing and otherwise; a flaming casino in the background; a riot of restaurants; bands, fluttering flags, and two hundred and sixty-eight thousand bathing tents (I did not count them; but neither could you)—then you have the *mise-en-scène* of Trouville-sur-Mer. And very nice, too. . . .

Deauville does things rather differently. Primarily has she reduced the bathing business to a science. She has a veritable city of bathing *cabines*, but built of reinforced concrete, mark you. They will be there for ever and ever; and most of them are equipped with hot and cold running fresh water. Behind the front row of concrete *cabines* on these incomparable sands there has been built a species of Roman villa, containing several hundred more disrobing rooms, and places where you can obtain manicure and pedicure and chiropody. And I have no doubt you can be shaved, and have your hair waved, and telephone to your broker in town, and make a fourth at bridge—or do any of those speculative things.

"Film Stars, Face-Cream Founders, Best Sellers, they are all here"

Anyway, de luxe Deauville this morning (*ce matin* they call it out here: it means approximately the same) on the stage between the *cabines* and the sand is a luscious sight. The "stage" is the wide platform of wooden boards—and, by Jove, it *is* a stage. All the most beautiful women in the world have arrived: I cannot imagine there can be any *more* of them anywhere else, for the world is, after all, a small place. They are reclining in *chaises longues* (yes, deck chairs, that's right: "*Mais, Monsieur, vous parlez français excessivement bien—mais si*" . . .), and they, too, have made a fine art of this reclining business. Thousands of them are doing it now with an air of grave, reflective detachment.

If you have got the pluck of a cornered lion—not otherwise—you will take a stroll about 11.30 a.m. along these boards from end to end, a longish walk, and have a close-up view of some of the most famous people, masculine and feminine, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Film Stars and Face-Cream Founders; Tennis Hopes; Best

Sellers; The Woman with the Prettiest Legs in Berlin (who is the judge of this and how *does* he know?); The Man who Put the G in Golt. They are all here. I say pluck of a lion because as you wend a way in and out of this maze of chairs thousands of eyes, tinted but unflinching, will look you over with one calm, expressionless, soul-searching glance, docket you instantly and infallibly as a So-and-so, whatever it may be—and which of us feels comfy under *that* ordeal? V.C.s have been known to blench at the thought of it.

There are two other very important aspects of Deauville which must not be overlooked. You can't overlook them because they are written up everywhere: "Athletisme" and "Natation." The natation part of the performance consists in getting into the water. Thousands of people natate; and very jolly they look doing it. One suspects, cruelly, that of these thousands some few hundred have got one pretty foot on the sand beneath; but, as the cinema says so authoritatively, this is an age of chivalry, so out upon me for a dirty dog. . . .

"Athletisme" is, of course, tennis. There is some excellent golf, I believe, in the background somewhere; but you can't expect an impressionable male to forsake all this loveliness on the Plage for some pot-bellied bunker and an afternoon's travail in the rough stuff. It can't be done. Meanwhile, on the forty—or is it fifty?—hard courts in front of the chic hotels flit the white-clothed wizards of Wimbledon, or what appear to be Wimbledonians because they play so infernally well.

Presently, however, will drop the dusk in layers of soft light over Deauville. And all the gay world will reappear in miraculous evening clothes. And I, having brought my dress shirt over with me, shall be with them, if not of them. And finally the white, glittering Casino will collect us to its ample bosom; and about 11 p.m. the night will begin to think about waking up; and the Game which has no end, save one, will commence in grim earnest. It was here the other night that an unknown little man achieved undying fame. A stupendous "game" was in progress; the crowd round the table was tensely still; the silence was of the dentist's waiting-room. Into a chink of *le haut monde* our hero, having had a couple, wedged himself, and in a sepulchral voice he called "Snap"!. . . R.I.P.

DANCING TIME ON THE FILMS

Miss Benita Hume in one of the scenes in the new British film, "A Light Woman." This film has just been completed at the Gainsborough Studios

Out & About at Aix

CAPTAIN LARKING, MRS. S. STAHTATOS AND MRS. LARKING

LADY HEADFORT

LORD AND LADY MELCHETT MAKING THE MOST OF THE SUNSHINE

MISS FANNY HURST, THE AMERICAN NOVELIST

Photographs *Alfieri*

MAJOR AND MRS. DOUGLAS KING

To those who seek for sunshine and rest—to say nothing of the "waters"—Aix-les-Bains holds an appeal that never fails. As has been the case for many years past, Society is flocking to this famous spa, some of those already there being seen in the above photographs

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced July 18, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

IT all arose from a little professional chat between Compton Schloss, the great dramatist (Mr. Milton Rosmer), and Mr. Delauney, the great theatrical manager (Mr. Frank Harvey). The argument was about the sort of play people most like to see. Do they want plays about the life they know, or do they want romance of a kind that never really comes into their prosaic existences? The chat is interrupted by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barcaldine, a quiet, elderly couple who have come to arrange with Mr. Delauney about the letting of their riverside cottage for the season. Mr. Delauney points them out to Mr. Schloss as typical members of the British public, the even tenour of whose placid lives has never been broken by anything unusual or exciting.

THEN the clock is put back and the veil is lifted on these two ordinary lives. The first period is classified as "years ago," which is a helpful date when you are not quite sure of your figures. We are at one of the old Earl's Court Exhibitions. Here James Barcaldine meets Mabel Wingrove. He is a shy young man, and she is just a frank, plain-speaking girl, and the attraction is mutual. It is a case of love at first sight, an adventure that was not always prudent in those days at the Exhibitions where many ladies, who were not altogether what their mothers would have wished them to be, were profuse with their alluring nods and becks and wreathed smiles, as Mr. Milton puts it. But in the case of James and Mabel it is quite all right. Another change of scene brings us to the register office for the wedding ceremony, and the broad humour of the proceedings would seem designed to convey the idea that getting married is quite a comical experience.

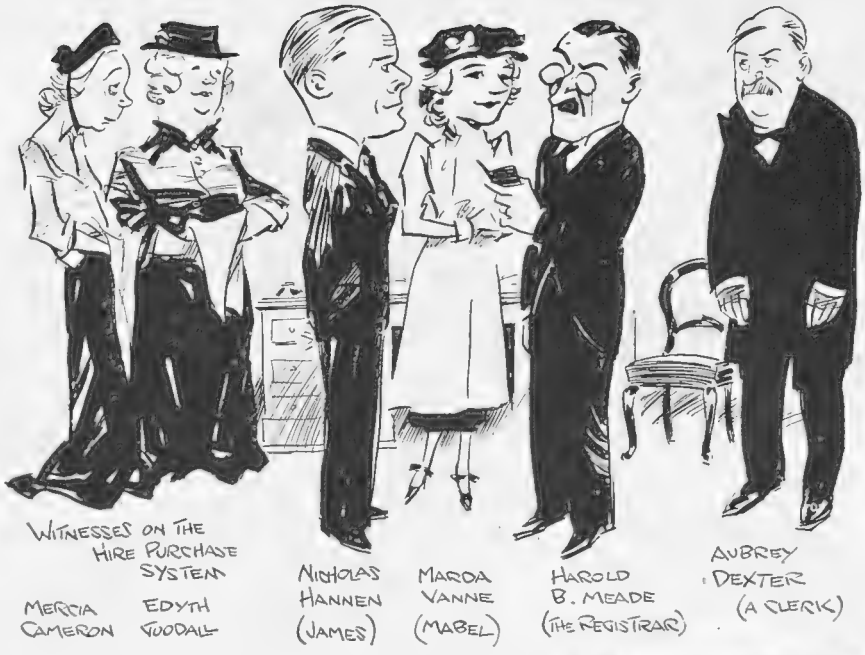
THE wheel turns again, and we come to the period, "years later." The Barcaldines have now a grown-up daughter Freda who is at once their pride and joy, and though they are far from prosperous they seem to be lovely in their lives. That is where we get our first shock. Mr. Sales, a young married man who occupies the flat below, comes up and finds Freda alone. He at once enfolds her in his arms, while she clings to him with a fervour that can have only one interpretation. We are, in fact, face to face with the Worst. Mother and father have, of course, not the slightest idea that anything is wrong. They encourage Freda to attend a dance with a young man of the name of Godfrey Marvin. He is very rich, and if he should take a genuine fancy to the girl so much the better. A girl, we know,

should never marry for money, but if she knows a young man who has quite a lot of it she can easily persuade herself that she loves him for himself alone.

ANOTHER turn of the wheel, and the horror begins to mature. Young Marvin takes Freda to the terrace of the Plaza Club because he wants to tell her, with the privacy coveted on such momentous occasions, that she is the only girl in the world for him, and he would like to be in a position to announce their engagement. Freda listens greedily to his frank, manly words, and then takes refuge in tears. She is, alas! not the good little girl he assumes her to be. In short, she is about to join the ranks of the unmarried mothers. The young man promptly orders himself a whisky-and-soda, which is about all he feels equal to at the moment. Then, with a fine spirit, he says that if he can help her in any way by marrying her and all that sort of thing, she has only to say the word. But Freda will not say it. She must go back home.

THEN we come to what fanciful writers like to call grim, naked tragedy. The adjectives may be a little violent, but the substantive is in its right place. The time is "a few months later," significant in its delicate

vagueness. What the placid and gentle Barcaldines have suffered in the interval we can only conjecture. Now they stand together, apprehensive and helpless, at the door of their daughter's room. Two grave doctors emerge to break the news. A baby girl has been born but, unless the mother can, as Mr. Dombey put it, "make an effort," there is little hope for her. She has apparently lost the will to live. A nurse darts from the sick-chamber and calls another nurse to come quickly. Mrs. Barcaldine can bear the suspense no longer. She goes into the room, and a moment later we hear her cry of anguish, and the curtain falls, and we know all we want to know about that scene, anyway.



THEN we get an interlude presented with extraordinary power by Miss Edyth Goodall and Mr. Frank Harvey, as Mr. and Mrs. Rosel. Mr. Rosel is a financier of the kind that lives by impoverishing his neighbours. He has in his possession an incriminating letter from Barcaldine admitting some financial irregularity. He intends to produce this letter to the registrar in bankruptcy and so complete Barcaldine's ruin. Mrs. Rosel descends upon her husband's office and forbids him to use the letter. She has just heard of the new baby, and, though she is herself childless, she has the unconquerable maternal instinct that is at all times an impulse to protect the young. Mr. Rosel at first declines to give up the letter, and with native coarseness even taunts his wife for her barrenness. With quite excusable and most gratifying frenzy she replies by slashing him over the face with her glove until he is cowed into submission. Having got the letter she tears it up, and the next scene promptly lands us—figuratively speaking, of course—in the bankruptcy court.

I JUDGE from the manner in which cases in bankruptcy are conducted — if this is a fair sample of the proceedings— that the bankrupt can rely upon at least one or two hearty laughs to lighten the burden of his financial collapse. The technical phraseology of the law is exploited most humorously here, although, being only laymen, we probably do not know, most of the time, what it is we are laughing at. The aggressive Mr. Rosel, having been deprived of his evidence against the defaulter, leaves the court hurriedly in some confusion, and the Registrar expresses his deep sympathy with Barcaldine for the unfounded charges made against him. We then see husband and wife resting for a while in the park, with the usual humorous interlude about the chair that is occupied, but only paid for under protest because the chairman happens to be watching at the time, and there is no other way out of the complication. The last scene brings us back to the first, and Mr. Delauney emphasises his original view, that the Barcaldines are people who do not know what real life is. Mr. Nicholas Hannen gives an admirable picture of the invertebrate Barcaldine, and he is ably supported by Miss Marda Vanne as Mrs. Barcaldine. A quite remarkable and interesting play.

JINGLE.

By HARTLEY CARRICK

IT is said that elderly men are more frequently attracted by a pretty ankle than by a pretty face. We go farther, and say that it is frequently a case of elderly calf-love.

. . . . . .

A CRICKETER writes for advice. He says he is in love with a lady, but is too nervous to propose. We hand him out the old dictum: Court, and be bold!

. . . . . .

A THAMES barge-owner complains that his work is too heavy. He ought to look out for a "lighter" situation.

. . . . . .

WE are told that greyhound racing is forging ahead. It ought to be by leaps and bounds.

. . . . . .

IT is stated that the traffic at Ludgate Circus one day last week was held up while a policeman on point duty escorted an old lady across the road. The old lady writes to us to say that, in justice to the police, the statement is unfounded.

. . . . .

AN Arabian chief has exiled two of his chiefs in the Sahara for insubordination. Those two gentlemen appear to have got their deserts.

. . . . .

FROM a provincial paper: "The beerometer is steadily going down." That reporter must have been watching one of those charabanc parties with their far-flung bottle line!

. . . . .

IT is stated that many engagements will be announced during the approaching shooting season. It would seem that the grouse moors lead to grouse *amours*.

"WILL you come with me to enjoy a split soda?" asked an author of his pal.

"No, thank you," replied the Fleet Street purist, "you have already split an infinitive."

The author nearly split his sides with laughter.

. . . . . .

A SPIRITUALIST declares that it is possible for spirits to sing. We should like to hear one of their haunting tunes.

. . . . . .

THE fight between the railway companies and the motor coaches still continues. What the public wants is a fare fight and no favour.

. . . . . .

"WHAT's your maid do with your china?"

"Well, so far, she's broken everything except the pledge."

A HUBBY'S HEARTBEATS

I have a wife who's slick and spry,
Delightful, debonnaire,
Yet in the ointment there's a fly,
She's no domestic flair.
At household duties she will scoff,
Feeds me on lukewarm mutton,
And if I have a button off
She doesn't care a button!

She has no thought beyond a skirt,
My *wardrobe's left, of course;*
I find, whene'er I want a shirt,
She's put it on a horse.
If I complain and say she must
Repair the rents in my *kit,*
She dances off and says it's just
A case of Jazz-you-like-it!

'Twould take a Bernard Shaw to pen
The comforts that I lack:
She goes to "Bridge" from three till ten,
I "mourn" till "Eve" comes back.
Her brain, I think, is soft and slow,
Though smart her mien and carriage;
My only comfort is to know
She made a brilliant marriage!

. . . . . .

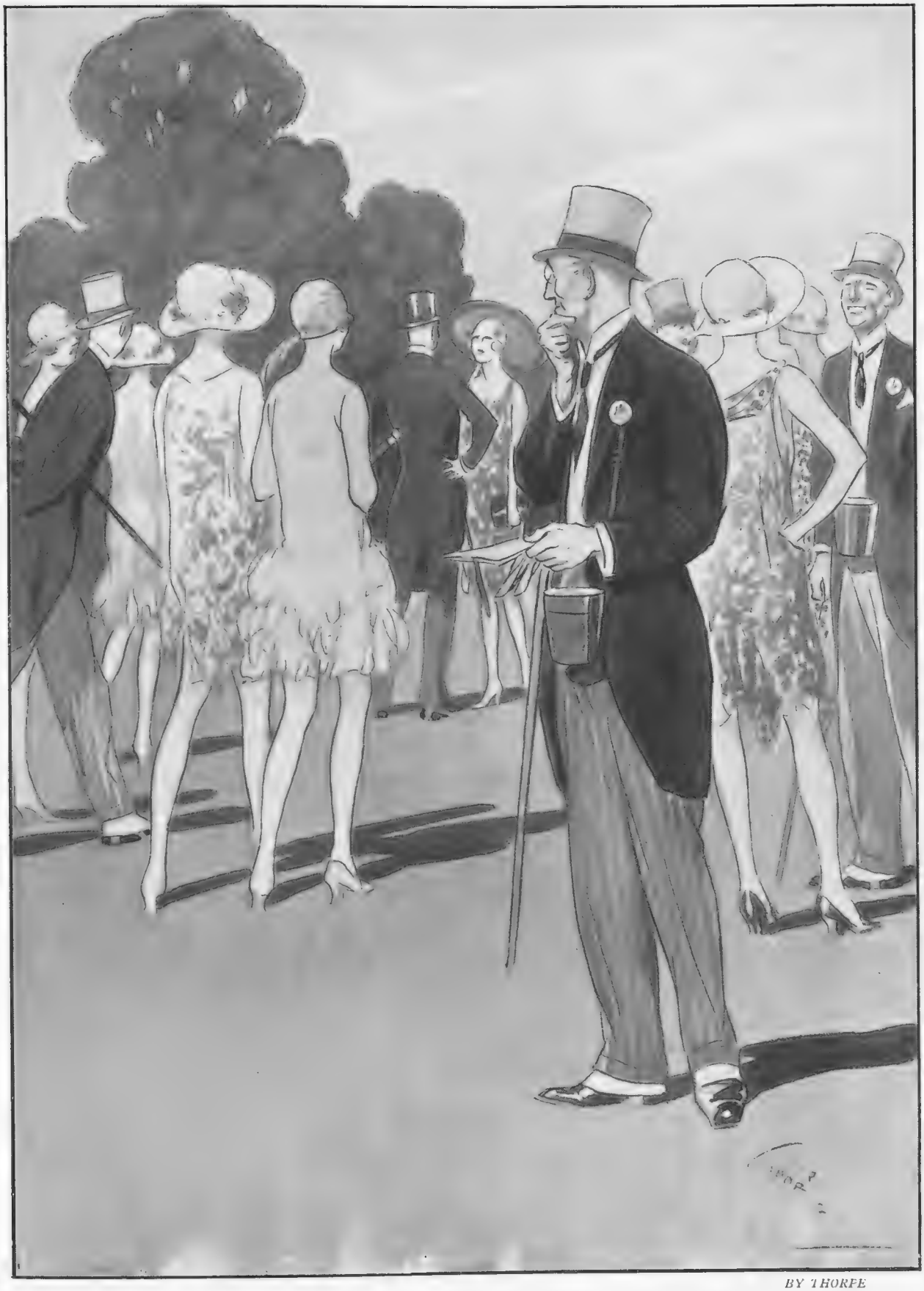
A CONTEMPORARY asks:—"Who is the greatest movie picture hero?" We suggest it is the gentleman in the audience who sits it through.

By RICK ELMES

A NEW POINT-ER

STALKER: "Pick off the old buck, sir. It's a fine shot."
NOVICE: "'Ere, which *is* the old buck? The one with the 'at rack?"

To-day's Great Thought!



BY THORPE

"And to think there was a time when they *wanted* to wear trousers!"

In High Feather

d'Ora-Benda

The Sisters Socha, in original *chantecler* dresses, make a charming picture for the camera. These Swiss dancers are very popular on the Continent

DAILY DIALOGUES

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by ARTHUR WATTS

No. II—GIVING IT ALL UP

"Looking moodily at nothing"

SCENE: *Top of a westward-bound 'bus, Time—the present, 4.20 p.m. Gentleman in very dark clothes looking moodily at nothing from back seat. A friend in tweeds mounts the stairs.*

"OI — you!" (*prodding with umbrella point*).

"Hullo, Peter! Haven't seen you for ages. Where've you been hidin'?" (*Sits alongside.*)

"I dunno—City—cursed place—hate it."

"So do I. Never go into it if I can avoid it, depresses me beyond measure."

"You're lucky. Been round the Town lately? I've not done anything for ages: never go anywhere now."

"Not *I*. I've given up all that sort of thing, my boy: it's a damn sight too expensive: mug's game."

"So've I: quite agree with you."

"Ah, but I mean seriously. Do you realise I've not had a drink for a week—I don't count beer when playing golf, o' course."

"Good God! Are you ill or something?"

"No, but I'm better without it, far fitter altogether."

"So'm I. Well, *I'm* not doing so badly: not had a drink since lunch. I say, come and have a spot of tea with me. Here's my club. I'm getting off here."

"That's not a bad idea. But I must push on very soon: got work to do."

"*Work?* At this hour of the night? That seems odd." (*They descend.*)

"My dear fellow, you can't drink tea here—it isn't done: besides, it's filth in any case. Waiter, two large whiskies and one soda."

"This is all wrong, y'know: well, just one: you always were a bad influence on me. As I was saying, that girl Gladys Whatshername is really rather a sport, she. . . ." (*An hour elapses.*)

"You've heard the one about the publisher and the policeman, of course?"

"No? Oh, my dear chap, priceless. S-s——. Waiter, do this again. A well-known publisher got out of his car one night, you see . . ." (*The only parts of this very long story that can be written with impunity are the words "you see," which occur once in every sentence. An hour elapses.*)

"Small spot of dinner seems damn good idea, what? But we must *change*, dear ol' boy: perfec' gentlemen 'n' all that, don't you know."

"Come *on*, what you h-hangin' 'bout for?"

"Yes, but quietly—two staid old bachelors—no lovelies—just you 'n' me—what?"

"A few oysters, bottle o' the Boy, and some of Luigi's old brandy seems to be what the doctor indicated, I dunno."

"It's not what he indicated, ol' man, it's what he *ordered*."

"I'm for a bath. You pick me up at my club at eightish for a wee cocktail."

"Never drink cocktails, ol' man—promised my people ages ago. . . ." (*Exeunt with demonstrations of mutual goodwill.*)

(*An hour and a half elapse.*)

"There you are. Splendid. I feel ten years younger—we've got a bar here now, did you know?"

"I'm pained and grieved to hear that—chk! chk!"

"So'm I, dreadfully." (*They make for it.*)

"You've never tried our 'Fly-by-Night' cocktails? You don't mean that? Good heavens! *Very* seductive, ol' man. Two 'Flies,' please, George. Give you a helofan appetite: and if you're cunning enough to have two you can play any saxophone in London later,

b'lieve me. . . . Well, we'd better have the other half of that, what? "

" Seems a sound sort 'f idea. They've got *some* kick, these whateveryoucallem: damn good, though, all same."

(*Two and a half hours elapse.*)

" Well, I call that a really *good* dinner, don't you? I mean considering what one gets at some of these places: an' I'm for another spot of this '65 brandy *personally*. What about you? "

" M'm, I think it's the wise thing to do, don't you? "

" Oh, yes, ol' man, excellent thing, brandy—can't go wrong on brandy. I 'member—— " (*follows a long brandy story, coupled with friendly but emphatic disagreement on blending, and whether there* is *any " Napoleon " left in London or not.*)

(*Later.*)

" We *must* dance: absolutely 'ssential, ol' boy: c'm on, we must push on s'mwhere."

" 'Ntirely agree, ol' boy. Have you paid this d'gustin' bill, ol' boy? Righ': mind me settle w' you later—*vestiare!* Where's *vestiare?* Didn't know I c'd talk *French,* ol' boy? Don' b' funny, brought up on it—sh'll talk nothing else presently—perfec' acc-accent, too, what? "

" Come *on,* what you h-hangin' 'bout for? Your coat? You've got th' infernal thing on, man. I say, ol' boy, you're not—er—tigh' or n'thing that sor', are you? 'Cos my people strongly objec' . . ."

(*Next morning, on the telephone,* 11.35 *a.m.*)

" That you, Peter? I say, I thought we'd given it all up? "

" Con*found* you, ol' man: I've just ordered my coffin."

" So've I. But we'd better have a drink together—you know: hair o' the dog, an' all that. It's Saturday, and a pig of a day."

" Where shall we meet? "

" You'd better come to my club."

" No, you come to mine."

" Don't be funny, mine's the nearest."

(*Left arguing.*) D. L.

Stage Photo Co.

"O FLEA WITH ME!"

Mr. Mark Lester, who has taken the part of Mr. W. H. Berry, in "Blue Eyes," the romantic musical comedy of the days of Prince Charlie, photographed showing Miss Ethel Baird his performing fleas. "Blue Eyes" has now been transferred to Daly's Theatre, where it is proving as popular as ever

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 8—MISS BETTY NUTHALL

"The infant prodigy" of British Lawn Tennis. She first won the Junior Singles Championship at the age of thirteen, and going from strength to strength she has represented her country on several occasions. The slight set-back she has suffered this season is undoubtedly only temporary

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

"JUST POT-LUCK

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

CK, OLD MAN!"

"My Dear, HAVE you tried these?

"— they're the nicest chocolates I ever tasted—Rowntree's Tried Favourites—only 4/- lb., but they are just as good as those I used to have at 5/- or 6/-!"

5/- & 6/- QUALITY AT 4/- lb.

The reason why Rowntree's are able to sell "Tried Favourites" assorted chocolates at only 4/- lb., is that they have put all the value into the chocolates themselves—eliminating expensive boxes, foils and decorations. The chocolate covering is of the finest quality, the centres are based on those which have proved most popular in Rowntree's best assortments—*your* favourite flavours from first-class assortments at the popular price of 4/- lb.

Rowntree's TRIED FAVOURITES Assorted Chocolates

IN 1-lb. BOXES, 4/- IN CARTONS, ½-lb. 2/-, ¼-lb. 1/-

Presenting Mr. Potts

By VICTOR HILTON *Illustrations by ALFRED LEETE*

MR. POTTS TELLS A STORY

IN which Mr. Potts—Mr. Stephen Potts, sir—is involved in a railway accident. Through turning to the right he takes the wrong turning, and is involved. All through being so gracious as to acquiesce to a railway company's suggestion that he should Get that Week-End Habit. Involved. There! There is gratitude! Involved in a railway accident!

First, the apparent piece of good luck. The taking advantage of that piece. The rapid and roughish disillusionment. Being taken for a madman; being treated as such, ridiculed, humiliated, handled. Selah! What is left? What can be left but a burning hatred of the company and a resolve to kill a porter? Nothing.

Nothing but that *was* left. Nothing . . . But read the story.

MR. POTTS' OWN STORY

of the tragic, sad affair. Told to and presented by *Victor I. Hilton.*

I'm a meek little chap. Not just an ordinary nobody. Really meek. If anyone heard *me* say "Bo" to a goose they'd ruminate: "Now, who was it said there were only *seven* wonders in the world?"

Yet my blood is up, and I am out to kill. Yes, actually to *kill* a man.

He is a railway porter. I'm sure he'd be much better off in that place where there are no trains—only the driving material; no disturbing heat waves, the heat being maintained at a steady uniformity; and no Prohibition, there being no liquors to prohibit. And I'm going to help him find that place.

It happened last week-end. And all through my acquiring that Week-End Habit. I am an impressionable man, and I confess the posters—or shall we say the Boasters?—got hold of me, and I fell for them.

Reaching the station, it became immediately apparent that other men were equally impressionable as myself. I was not the only one who had chosen that Saturday and that particular train in order to begin to acquire that week-end habit. There were others, many others. Everyone had too much luggage and too many children, and the children in turn had too many pails and spades. I began to think it was a *bad* habit.

It was a case of *Sauve Qui Peut,* which, being translated, means, I think, the Best Man Wins and God Help the Women. It was also a case of The Strong Shall be First and the Weak Shall be Left Behind. Every Man for Himself. Women and Children First? Yes—if they push.

And I knew that the rule of the carriages when the train came in would be *Multum in Parvo,* which means, as you know, Seats All Taken, Eighteen Standing.

I had previously decided to get to the station an hour before the advertised time of departure of the train so as to get a corner seat. And I patted myself gently on the back for my forethought, and cooed "Pretty Puss" at the cat, thinking that an hour would be liberal. But funnily enough, as I have hinted, others had made the same decision, only more so. I calculated that some of them must have spent quite a considerable portion of their holidays camping on that platform, so great was the crush. I squeezed into the middle of the back row, which had four more tightly packed rows in front of it. Alas, that habit!

When I complained I was told by the big man next to me, or, rather, on top of me, that I was lucky to be *there,* and that some folk were always grumbling.

As I took up my position a large family—I conjectured the father came from Utah—closed in behind me, starting the sixth row. There was no regimental "tallest on the right, shortest on the left" order about that assembly. Rather the rule was "Each little chap in between two big ones." I'm little.

There we stood in our hundreds: the Weak standing resignedly and being leaned on by the Strong.

I asked that particular representative of the Strong

"The door I was leaning against was wrenched open"

who was using me as a wall would he greatly mind if I got my pipe out of my pocket nearest him. For answer he offered his cigarettes. I took one—indemnity for the " pins and needles " he had given me in my left arm.

It was getting rather monotonous, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and having both of your own feet stood upon all the time. But I dare not leave my place and join the philosophical spirits (or late-comers) pacing slowly up and down the rear of the platform in comparative freedom.

The man on the other side of me—as big a giant as the first—was placidly sitting on me now. Take away the key stone, and you know the rest.

I brooded. I asked myself was it worth it. Was I getting a bargain? I thought, Why not have a longer holiday in a better land? (Rocket Line, *via* Paris). Suicide I thought of. Suicide on the rails. But no. I would die of rheumatism whilst waiting for a train—up train, down train, any train.

And then—*mirabile!*—it came in. As it slowed the packed crowd commenced a gentle swaying—like reeds in the wind. It was as if everyone were undecided as to whether to take the carriage to their left or that to their right when the train should stop.

It stopped. The crowd became what the *Morning Post* would call Disorderly. The mildest way I myself could think of putting it was Nasty. And a nearby porter spat and opined that they were fighting drunk, the mad lot o' Reds.

The scenes that occurred were reminiscent to me of the Wembley Cup Final of 1923—except that there were no mounted policemen to tell their horses who to bite and who to kick.

They were worse than that. Worse than the day Germany gave up fighting us. Worse than the time some joker put a " To Let " board outside a house in '19.

The gentle reader will gather from all this—as he is indeed meant to do—that the phrase Scenes Occurred is not put in just to make the sentence balance.

Everyone seemed to rush in the same direction—to my left. I wondered why, and, looking as dignified as a man with a bashed-in hat, a torn coat, and a stripped umbrella *can* look, I walked forward—and found the guard's van confronting me and the small queue behind me, which was depressing.

My few companions in the same boat—(" Distress " being the name of that boat)—chucked my companionship, got out of the boat, made a frenzied rush to the left—the left again: why always the left?—and got in the train.

Myself having a hankering for trains in preference to boats just then, I abandoned the good ship " Distress," crept to the *right* side of the guard's van, and into the first compartment I came to.

To my amazement it was empty. Feverishly I slammed the door, pulled down the side blinds, arranged some jackets from my suitcase along the seats, and leaned with my back against the middle window. Thus, by the crowning help of the dusty window pane, to anyone hurrying up and glimpsing in through the piece of window I couldn't quite hide with my neck it would appear that the carriage was full, my coats roughly resembling devotees of the week-end habit.

Patiently I waited for the starter to crack his pistol and give us the " Away." I knew the train was no greyhound, but if it would only *start*. . . .

It seemed to my turbulent mind that I waited an eternity, hoping for the best, dreading the worst. I told myself that after having had two inches added to my height through being leaned against on all sides, after having had a perfectly good hat and gamp made perfectly rotten, I deserved some little comfort. Now I had a whole carriage full. If only the train would start. . . .

Suddenly I heard a brisk step. My heart leapt. I stood motionless. The footsteps came nearer to my compartment and stopped. The person was evidently peering in to see if there was any room. All was uncannily still now: even the jazz effects from the spades and pails of kiddies in carriages farther up had stopped.

Then, with amazing suddenness, the door I was leaning against was wrenched open, and I fell back to the ground. A porter—indeed, The Particular Porter—grabbed at me, lying there in my shirt-sleeves. " I've been watching you, me man," he said.

Watching me! His man! Crimson in the face and almost apoplectic with rage, I disengaged myself from his humiliating embrace and gazed around, bewildered. My glassy stare travelled past the little group of railway employees, past the particular porter whom I am going to kill, to the carriage from which I had recently declined and fallen.

I looked to the right; there were many other carriages coupled up. I looked to the left; there were not many carriages coupled up; none, in fact, just space, space, space.

I remembered that everyone had gone to the left of that troublesome guard's van. I looked up the line, and there, sure enough, far away in the distance, I could see the smoke from a fast-receding train. And then the horrible truth dawned on me. That was the rest of *my* train; *my* carriage had been " slipped."

* * * *

Damn that week-end habit! I've decided to tip that porter—to tip him into the Thames. See how he likes that *deep-end* habit. . . . V. H.

FACING IT

(*It has been suggested that cosmetics should be taxed.*—Daily Paper.)

EVADNE, as your face is very pretty,
I've often felt impelled to make complaint
That you *will* smother it—and more's the pity—
With powder and with paint.

But now you say that you're economising,
Not buying anything you do not need:
A Spartan move of yours, and most surprising,
Your friends are all agreed
Habits, alas! are difficult to sever,
Extravagance is one that should be " axed,"
And if, when you achieve your high endeavour,
Powder and paint are taxed

Our pre-conceived ideas you will shatter,
You'll be transformed, these happenings will place
A different complexion on the matter—
And also on your face!

Leslie M. Oyler.

The Lady of the Shawl

Peter North

A charming camera study of Miss Rosalinde Fuller, the talented actress who is playing in "The Enemy." This anti-war play, which has created such a stir, is running at the Strand Theatre

At the Yachting Event of the Season:

Topical

LORD MICHELHAM, MRS. FARE, AND MRS. HEDLEY

L.N.A.

MR. MYDDELTON, MISS GRETTON AND LADY MARY HOPE

Sport and General

WING-COMMANDER AND MRS. LOUIS GREIG WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND A FRIEND

Express

PRINCESS BEATRICE (right) AND MRS. COCHRANE

Topical

LORD AND LADY BIRKENHEAD WITH LADY HAROLD SMITH, LADY PAMELA SMITH, AND LORD FURNEAUX

The end of the season brings Royalty and Society of all regattas—and the little town is alive with add to the general enjoyment of the regatta, which has

Some Distinguished Visitors at Cowes

G.P.U.

HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD BRITANNIA. THE GROUP INCLUDES SIR CHARLES CUST AND EARL JELLICOE

Topical

THE QUEEN LEAVING THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT AT COWES

Sport and General

LADY MAGDALEN WILLIAMS-BULKELEY AND MISS BULKELEY JOHNSON

Keystone

MISS M. GUINNESS, MRS. BAKER, MISS O. FITZROY, AND THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS

to the Isle of Wight for Cowes—that most famous celebrities. The weather this year did much to certainly lost none of its former charm and pageantry

"The *patron* refused to serve them"

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

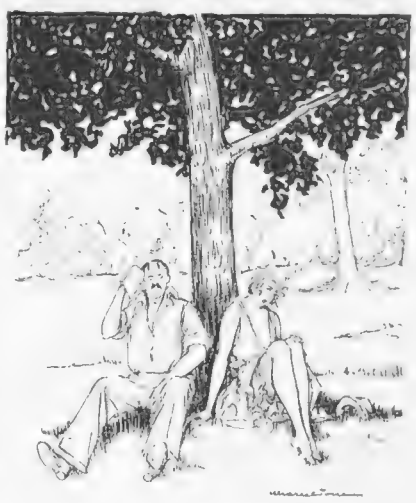
Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

There is another notable point about the heat wave which Paris has enjoyed—or suffered, according to the age, height, and weight of the Parisian concerned. The first great benefit was, of course, connected with the *petit pois*, to which it made all the difference. And the fatness and succulence of the year's *petit pois* are among the prime factors of the Paris Season. If the *petit pois* are not up to the standard the Season lacks one of its principal supports, but if they are fatter and juicier than the normal, then life is good in the capital of the Gauls; for what matter if there are a few social mishaps provided that one of the principal *plats* is perfect?

But one is rambling away—in this exuberance of the *gourmand*—from the other point that was gained by the aid of the sweltering summer sun. This concerns the vestimentary liberties that have been won. You might not think it, but Parisians are most frightfully conservative about what may and what may not be worn within the precincts of their beloved city. It is not in Paris that the 'busmen will be authorised to wear open-necked cricket shirts to prevent them from choking at ninety-five in the shade.

And Parisians were not merely conservative about themselves, but had a very direct way of insisting that tourists or other visitors should conform to their rigid conventions. Many bands of erring tourists, though erring in innocence, have been very sharply rebuked for committing what was brusquely described as a serious offence by the mentor who took charge of them. There was the case of a group of Americans who settled down for "long" drinks on the terrace of a boulevard *café* and took off their coats for their greater enjoyment. They were wearing collars and ties and belts in the usual American way, and, really, looked quite suitably dressed for the circumstances, but the *patron* refused to serve them until they put on their coats again. "I reserve the right," he said, haughtily, "to forbid the use of my establishment to persons who are *incorrect*." The Americans put on their coats because the "long" drinks were there—and irresistible. But they can now drink without muffling themselves up, as Parisians learned to take off their coats also while it was very hot, and the *mode* has been consecrated. Hats off to M. Poincaré and coats off to Mr. Coolidge!



"95 in the shade"

Discontent is now raging where peace was wont to brood—that is, on the pleasant waters of the Lac du Bois de Boulogne. The cry of angry voices is resounding nightly over the erstwhile quiet waters. It is a sorry and a shabby business—shabby because it is a mere matter of twenty-five centimes; and what is twenty-five centimes in these spendthrift times? Just a "meg," as they say in Salford and other blunt-spoken cities of the plain-dealing North.

It comes about thus: For the hiring of one of those attractive little rowing boats—with which you can secure comparative coolness on a torrid summer's evening when the rest of Paris is losing its pound of flesh hourly in a most unpleasant perspiration—merely by sculling a few yards into one of the shady backwaters, one used to be asked only four francs, which was, of course, a cheap escape from the grill. But lately the officials have been demanding twenty-five centimes *en plus*. And Parisians resent very much this *en plus*.

They have a perpetual hatred of the *supplement*, anyhow, but there is an additional dislike over this

"Provokes their most intense ire"

one, because, it is explained, it is intended to cover the cost of a receipt stamp for the four francs. In the first place, they have not the least craving for a receipt stamp providing they get a boat and a pair of oars. And, secondly, they are aware that the law says receipt stamps are not required for amounts of less than ten francs. Admittedly they have to make a deposit of twenty-five francs on the oars—a discouragement to eccentric "collectors"—but they refuse to recognise that as a payment, seeing the money is returned. So this imposition provokes their most intense ire, and they demonstrate it by wild words that are in keeping with fierce gestures. If Parisians ever indulged in a "scrap," which you have probably observed with disappointment when watching a street altercation they do not, the officials who demand the twenty-five centimes would very likely have to use their fists every night. In default of this, some of the more aggressive oarsmen are threatening to go to law about it.

"To press a button and an electrical mannequin will walk in"

THE famous Talleyrand admittedly placed great store on the value of wine in diplomacy—providing it was really good wine—and as he was one of the world's greatest diplomatists his teaching should, no doubt, be accepted. Yet it was doubtful if he would have tried to employ wine with Turks, seeing that it is forbidden to them by the Mahommedan law. But maybe the Comte de Chambrun has learned that the Young Turks are not so strict in the observance of the law since Mustapha Kemal knocked off the fez and removed the veil. Anyhow, if this very clever diplomatist can tell his funny stories with as much effect in Turkish as he can in French and English, he ought to cheer up doleful Angora, and that would be the first great step to practical diplomatic achievements. Our best wishes go with him.

MY old friend the Comte de Chambrun, who has recently been promoted from French Minister at Vienna to Ambassador at Angora, is now on his way to the remote capital of the new Turkey with a most interesting consignment of luggage. Its principal interest lies in the fact that it includes no fewer than eight hundred bottles of the choicest wines of France. The Comte de Chambrun was born in an Embassy—the little bit of French territory at Washington—so he may be said to have been reared in the diplomatic "trade." But it seems rather an audacious move to seek to use the influence of wine on the Turks.

THOSE American buyers who come over to Paris about three times a year are seemingly dissatisfied with themselves. They hustle pretty well as it is, but they want to hustle more. So it is now proposed that a special, and very big, hotel shall be erected for them which, externally, will combine a Paramount Theatre and a Woolworth Building, with a roof garden where the artists of the Folies-Bergère will come to perform. The idea is that they shall be able to "do Paris," professionally and socially, without leaving the hotel. All the *couturiers* will have branches on the lower floors, and all that the buyer will have to do will be to press a button and an electrical mannequin will walk in parading the latest "creation." An inexhaustible supply of synthetic gin is even proposed. *Quelle horreur!* RENÉ.

WITH THE BRITISH LEGION *P. and A.*

Members of the British Legion, who recently visited France, photographed at the summer residence of the French President at Rambouillet. The group includes Admiral Videll (left), Colonel H. Leedham, Colonel G. R. Crosfield, Brigadier-General A. F. Home, C.B., Lady Spencer-Churchill, and Corporal V. Wilcox, the first man to win the V.C. in the Great War

A Study from the Studio

Lafayette

MRS. TERENCE EDEN

The attractive wife of Mr. Terence Eden and daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hay-Drummond of Cromlix, Dunblane. Her husband is the second son of the late Hon. George and Mrs. Eden

À L'AMERICAINE

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 13.

DEAR COUSIN,

WHAT a really lovely life I do thing I should have just now and at these very present moments as ever are—if only I were an American. One of those fairly numerous thousands, I mean, of our visitors from G.O.C., otherwise God's Own Country, who are over here just now to see the elephants, as I b'lieve they sometimes put it in their own lovely *argot*. And come across that rather tiresome little bit of water (that can be rather wearing at times when the waves will persist in wobbling) just to complete their education and all that sort of thing. To find out, too, perhaps, partly what this alleged Old Country looks like that they (or some of 'em) once came from, and what it's really got in the way of traditions, and ancient customs, and mouldering, ivy-clad buildings, etcet., and so on. Also, if King George commonly wears his crown when riding in the Row, and Peers go coroneted or otherwise badged to night clubs—yes, really, dear Cousin, there are some I've met who had that kind of idea, and am afraid they may p'raps have got a bit disappointed, what?

Rich Americans buying up moors

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BUT there's lots and heaps of other things in this little London of ours I do think, on the whole, they might somewhat appreciate, and only wish, as aforesaid, I could get that foist fine careless rapture about 'em in same and similar way as they've at least got the chance of. As, *par exemple*, discovering a little gem of a spot like Staple Inn, where a fountain plays, and it's all as quiet as quiet, only a few yards from busy Holborn and shops and places. Or that other leafy eastward oasis they call Lincoln's Inn Fields, with all the deep shady elms and tennis courts and lawns. Or Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, where you might wander for at least half an hour or so without even guessing that you were right in the midst of busy London. Or, for that matter, Regent's Park, where, gaily and rurally, boating is carried on any summer evening, and they even provide backwaters, I believe. Or even the Green Park, which is quite near where the King lives, God bless him!—as I once heard one of the local guides to Americano and other visitors delightfully remark through one of those sort of foghorn or trumpet or loud speaker affairs they carry in specially conducted char-a-bancs—you know the kind of thing.

"We love lock-keepers"

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BUT really, you know, it *would* be rather sweet and pleasing to rediscover London if only we could, *à l'Americaine*. To visit the Tower, *par exemple*, and traverse all those tortuous corridors and torturous chambers, and peep into the various secret passages whereby people were conducted to a 'orrible death (every bit as good as the Bridge of Sighs in Venice). And thrill at the Crown Jewels and gloat over the Beefeaters, that always make me somehow dream of a quiet steak at the best grillroom in London—which I utterly refuse to name. Or to go thoroughly intelligently through the National Gallery, where, you know, they really *have* got some rather fine pictures. Also, what about the Wallace Collection? I know if I only had the luck to be an American visitor I should find myself *queue-ing* up about 9.55 to get in there at 10 a.m., and then, perhaps, making plans to do the British Museum more or less fairly thoroughly in the afternoon. . . .

"He was promptly asked to leave"

ISN'T it odd, though, dear Cousin? Been said, of course, I know, about a thousand million times before, my angel child, but still remains just a shade surprising how we dash off industriously exploring foreign towns, and don't even stir a hand's-breadth, so to speak, about our own. Which is why, really, I uttered aforesaid wish about being (temporarily, at any rate) from across above-mentioned for five days at least furiously foaming and tossing waters. Which are worth crossing, though—anyway, this way across—aren't they? The other way—well, sky-scrapers and bootleggers and things are doubtless vastly entertaining, but seems to me somehow we've almost somehow acquired a sufficiently good idea of 'em from the contemporary local drama, what?

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BUT you know, meantime, while some of America's invading London—and oh, *ma chère*, don't you envy them their vurry first experience of those road-breakers of ours with the electric drill, that always remind me of a visit to the dentist multiplied by $x+1$? While, as aforesaid, these nice ordinaryish Americans are amongst us, and busily seeing the sights, and dining at the alleged ancient restaurants in the City and places (where specially ancient waiters are specially engaged to do a sort of Charlie Chaplin walk in their weather-beaten dress suits as they bring along the steak and onions and other local dainties) . . . while they're painfully wondering at our stuffy English breakfasts of bacon and eggs instead of grape-fruit and so on. . . .

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MEANWHILE, the rich ones of the party from U.S.A., the ones that get triple headlines and things in the American papers every time because—oh, well, rather difficult to explain, but over there you are *quite* important apparently just because you're rich. . . . Well, *they* seem to've bought up all our best grouse moors, God bless 'em!—and we don't mind, do we? Save some of our poor alleged landowners from extinction, anyway, and'll do it thoroughly and properly, too, I'm quite sure.

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SHOPPING is the popular pastime nowadays—even for men, the only trouble being, apparently, that the poor dear things somehow don't know exactly, and, in fact, aren't in the least certain, what to buy. Simply too horribly dull, mustn't it be, to just go down to a tailor and be measured, and order, say, three of those and three of these, and then wait for the clothes—and the bills—to come in. But on the river, anyway, seems men have managed to shock the authorities almost as much as the women, and that's saying some. Because of their said-to-be scanty dress, I mean. And actually, you know, they've told the lock-keepers and people not to let anyone go through their chaste little locks unless "properly clothed." Which somewhat delicate point's to be settled apparently by said mere lock-keepers—can you beat it? I mean, we love lock-keepers, don't we?—likewise adore policemen; but if they're to fix for us our standard of so-called morality or decency in Hyde Park *or* Maidenhead—well, I should smile.

"Specially ancient waiters"

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SOMEWHAT conventionalish, you know, even the more or less *bien élèvés* of that adorable, if simplish, sex. And do do really rather screamingly funnyish things in that way, like about the poor man dear Sir William Orpen was telling us about the other day who was playing Bridge at highly respectable club on one of those quite impossibly hot nights of this not unsultry summer of ours, and when just on point of melting away actually ventured in masculine seclusion of Bridge-room to remove his dinner jacket and hang it on back of chair. Whereupon—would you believe it?—he was promptly asked to leave said club on ground of indecent behaviour unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, or words to that effect. *Aren't* men funny?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

From now onwards
BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

will be sealed with the lever cap here illustrated

"BLACK & WHITE" to-day stands for age and maturity in Scotch Whisky and for the smooth blending of the produce of Scotland's finest distilleries carried to a fine art.

THERE is a prospect that the vote for Civil Aviation will be greatly increased in next year's Budget, if one can judge from the lively interest being taken in air matters by Members of Parliament. The debate at the end of the session was taken up largely in discussing Imperial Airways' position as a monopoly company, with its bearing on Sir Alan Cobham's plans for a permanent air line through Africa and the Government's proposals for employing flying boats and airships on Empire air routes. Fortunately civil aviation is not a party issue, so that the Air Minister can be sure of support from all sides of the House for any additional money he can extract from the Treasury. There are still a few opponents—those who think that flying is dangerous and others who cannot dissociate the use of aircraft from warlike operations; but the timely visit of a modern commercial flying boat like the Short "Calcutta" to the Thames at Westminster has had a marked effect on the sceptics.

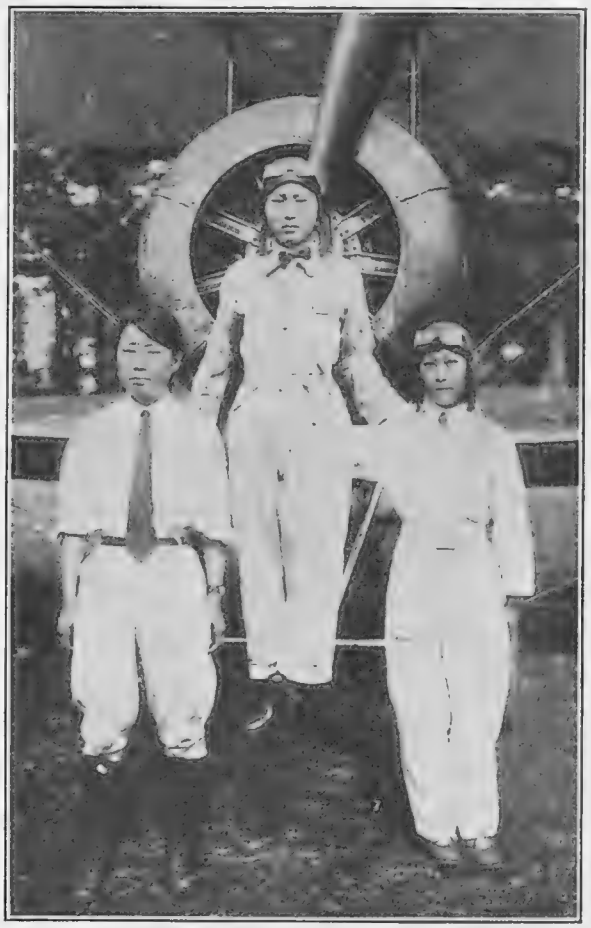
As a comparison with the "Calcutta," Col. Sempill's "Bluebird" was like a Morris alongside a motor 'bus. He has been keeping his machine on the Welsh Harp, which should become London's light seaplane base, as there is ample room to land and get off except during a drought, when machines would have to migrate to the Thames.

The Dornier Wal is quite the most successful foreign flying boat, being distinguished as a type from our own principally by being a monoplane and having stub floats extending from the hull instead of wing-tip floats. Commander Franco's Atlantic type is fitted with Rolls-Royce engines similar to those used by Sir Alan Cobham on his flight round Africa, whilst Captain Courtney is using Napier engines. Herr Dornier has designed a "Wal" fitted with Jupiter engines, which is used by the Italians on their coastal air service from Genoa to Palermo. All the high-powered British aero engines have a ready sale on the Continent for commercial work because of their reliability, low weight, and economy in operation.

Plans are contemplated for a revival of the air service from Belfast to Liverpool by flying boat carried out originally by de Havilland's for Mr. D. M. Greig on land machines. If a connection to the Continent by air can be made from Liverpool to London, this service should be well patronised, but otherwise passengers and mails must be landed at Liverpool at an awkward time for a connection by train. Generally speaking, internal air services within the British Isles will be commercially successful only when they form part of a definite through route to Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and beyond.

A.D.C. Aircraft, Ltd., announce the Cirrus Mark III, which will compete with the de Havilland "Gipsy" engine and the latest "Genet" for light 'plane work. Mr. Murdoch had a Cirrus Mark II fitted to his "Avian," on which he has so far put up very good times on his flight to the Cape. Those who saw him off from Croydon included Sir Sefton Brancker, who arrived by air in his Moth "D.C.A."; Mr. John Body, the co-patron of the flight, with Sir Robert Williams, Prince Paul and Princess Irene of Greece, Sir John Rhodes, and Captain Drummond Wolfe.

The London Club is, unfortunately, losing the services of Mr. St. Barbe as instructor, as he has decided to take up skywriting instead. The action of the Lancashire Club in releasing Mr. Baker, their chief instructor, to fill the vacancy, is much appreciated, particularly as such positions are so difficult to fill. Amongst recent soloists are Captain Cator, vice-chairman of the Norfolk Club; Miss Miles and the Hon. B. L. Bathurst, of the Bristol and Wessex; and Mr. M. A. Murtagh, at Castle Bromwich. First solos are watched always with the keenest interest and a certain amount of anxiety, due partly to a desire to see the undercarriage survive the blow. It is seldom that a pupil does any damage on a first



Keystone

ORIENTAL AMAZONS OF THE AIR

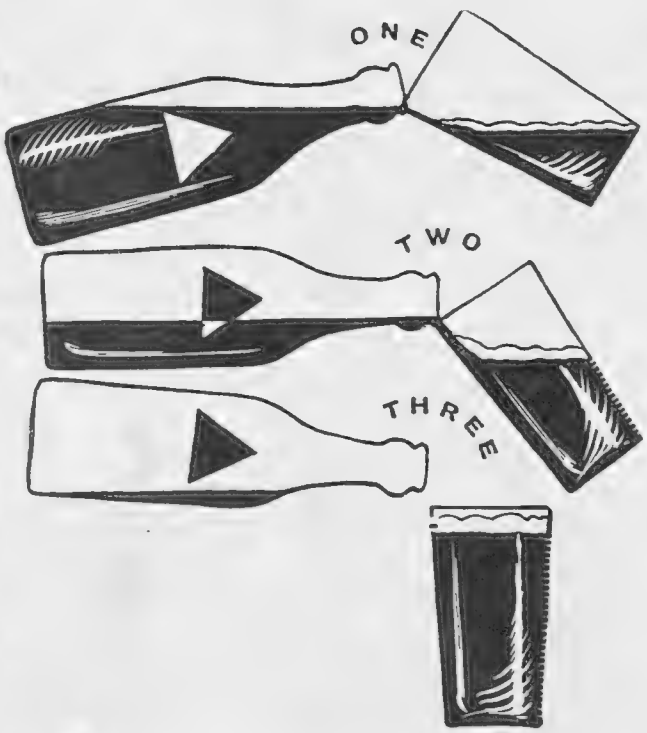
Miss K. Boku (centre), who won the Japanese aerial Derby from Osaka to Tokio. Miss Boku, who is only nineteen years old, is seen with two of the many other women competitors

August, 1928

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO GOLFERS!

ALWAYS POUR BASS—LIKE THIS!



ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass

TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope

THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here

And there's your Bass—Bass amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass————like this!

ALWAYS POUR *Bass*—LIKE THIS!

flight, though a minor crash often occurs later, due to lack of practice in landing or in the actual approach to an aerodrome.

Col. W. D. Beatty, the chairman of the Cape Town Flying Club, who still holds the record for a non-stop flight from Madrid to London on a DH4, has been flying the "Avian" presented by the Shell Company, and another machine of the same type is on order. The whole of South Africa is ideal for flying, weather conditions being almost perfect, with unlimited space for aerodromes inland. The present production of British light 'plane engines of higher power will be most welcome, as operations from an aerodrome at 6,000ft. are equivalent to taking off at about 9,000ft. in this country.

AN AERIAL GARDEN PARTY *Topica*

Some of those at the recent garden party held at Lord and Lady Elibank's residence at Darnhall, Eddleston, where an aerial demonstration was given, one of the pilots being Miss Spooner, of King's Cup fame. The group includes Miss Spooner (centre), Viscount and Viscountess Elibank, Capt. Jones, Col. The Master of Sempill, and Mr. Murray Philipson

Sir Charles Wakefield has made further gifts of light 'planes, one to the New Zealand Government and another to the Aviation League of Canada for the use of Major-General McBrien. His example of practical philanthropy cannot be followed by many of us interested in the progress of aviation, but there is a way by which all business men can lend their support, which is also to their own advantage, and that is by using the Air Mail. Exactly why the Postmaster-General's leaflet on the subject can be obtained only from head offices, whilst sub-offices are allowed still to exhibit posters describing the virtues and speed of the Instone Air Line, which was absorbed by Imperial Airways years ago, is beyond comprehension. In the United States air lines are being run successfully without a subsidy, largely because they were developed for mail-carrying only, aeroplanes being able to carry a paying load of letter mail over a given distance when full to capacity. Now machines are becoming more efficient it should be possible to carry half mails and half passengers and still make services pay, so that the Government has every inducement to advertise facilities which reduce subsidies. C. E. WARD.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

CHARMING CARD PLAYERS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A friend of mine accused me recently of having written hard things about Bridge players calculated to lead people to think that they are a quarrelsome, ill-mannered set of selfish brutes trying to get the best of each other.

If I have ever written anything to give such an impression I now desire to retract it. I have lately been reading a fifty-year-old book by "Cavendish," and have been struck by the fact that in the old Whist days they had exactly the same types as we have in our clubs to-day. He describes the "If you had" partner, who constantly greets you with "If you had only done so-and-so," and, "It didn't matter" player, who says his bad play made no difference; the noisy, blustering fellow; the "peeper" whose eyes are all round the table; the man who forgets to pay his bets or denies he has made them; the club bully, and various other characters with whom we are all familiar.

. . . . . .

But he is careful to point out that the black sheep are as well known in clubs as objectionable people are in general society. And since they cannot be removed from the club unless they do something very flagrant they are tolerated and disliked.

It is only natural that the objectionable and aggressive characters should come in for more than their fair attention on the part of writers on cards.

But it is equally true that the vast majority of players exhibit, as a rule, many admirable qualities. The nicest sense of honour, the most elegant courtesies of civilised life, good fellowship, self control—these and many other virtues are common in the card-room.

As "Cavendish" points out, the green cloth lays bare a man's true character very readily. With him I can say: "I am happy to think that I have formed many most sincere and lasting friendships at the card table. And it has been my privilege to know the fine feelings and the sterling good qualities of my play friends to a degree which would have been seldom possible in the case of others; for they were revealed to me in the card-room, which is a very Castle of Truth for those who choose to frequent it with their eyes and ears open."

The fact is that we do not emphasise nearly enough the many charming card players we meet. We take them for granted and dilate upon the exceptions. But they add immensely to one's enjoyment of the game. They do not gloat over their successes or grouse over their failures. As a general rule the better the players the pleasanter they are to play with.

. . . . . .

Yet another case of a freak deal has been reported recently. Four players at the United Berkeley Club, Knightsbridge, were each dealt a complete suit from a pack which had been played with for several rubbers, and it was shuffled and cut before the dealing in the usual way. So many instances have been reported from the United States of each player holding a complete suit that I am inclined to think that in some cases a practical joker has been at work. But there is no doubt of the genuineness of the Berkeley Club incident. It is computed that the odds against such an occurrence are 635,013 *millions* to one.

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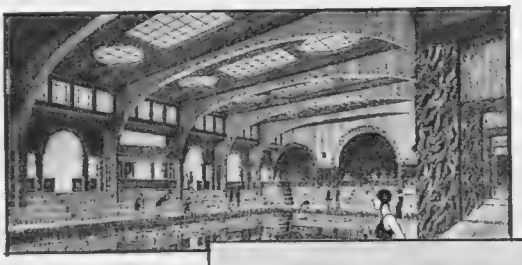

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A CORNER OF OLD ENGLAND
A view of the ruins of Cowdray Castle at Midhurst

CAMERA NOTES

AVOIDING HOLIDAY FAILURES

WHAT are the commonest errors which account for the colossal wastage of film exposures in the holiday crop of snapshots each year?

Blurry Negatives

FIRST, there is the casual fashion in which many folk hold a camera whilst exposing, evidently believing that a camera need not be steady so long as a "snapshot" exposure is to be made. It should be an education to such to watch a Press photographer holding his camera firmly braced against his cheek, although his shutter is normally set for exposures far briefer than those of the amateur's snapshot camera. Apart from camera shake, fuzzy negatives are caused by incorrect focusing and by movement in the subject. Portraits taken with the camera closer than six feet cannot be expected to be a real success; even if in sharp focus, they are liable to a distorted perspective, amounting to grotesque effect in extreme cases. Again, the optimist who takes fast games on the sands—or even racing at Brooklands!—with the slow speeds of a cheap lens shutter seems unwilling to learn the lesson of his fuzzy failures.

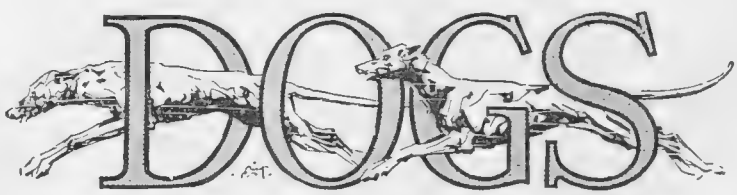
Light-struck Negatives

QUITE the quickest way of spoiling films, however, is to handle a spool carelessly whilst loading the camera. Bright sunlight will give heavy edge-fog even on a tightly rolled spool. Hence spools should be manipulated in the deepest shade available, with special care to keep the protective paper backing from loosening in its coils. Film-packs, again, must never be touched upon the flexible front surface. Light-fog during exposure is caused either by a dirty lens or by direct sunlight falling upon the lens. The well-meant precept to "keep the sun at your back" is intended to eliminate this latter fault, but it also eliminates all the most charming lighting effects. When the accomplished hand-camera user violates this rule he does not fail to shield his lens from any strong direct light.

Holding the camera askew is another bad habit. Allied to this is the practice of tilting the camera upwards or downwards, to get the whole of an awkward subject. This "fault" may be justified at times as a deliberate device of the practised hand: he knows that the converging lines which will spoil a contact print, if there are buildings in the scene, will vanish from an enlargement if he tilts the negative and printing paper away from one another at the proper angle.

Exposure Errors

FINALLY there is the unwise photographer who trusts to luck and commits gross errors in exposure. As an egregious example one remembers the transatlantic dame who told the world that she had sure got that, when she clicked her Kodak in the aisle of one of our cathedrals! T. L. J. BENTLEY.



By "The Kennelman"

"DURING this month," writes "Amateur Kennelman," "it has fallen to me to seek my five-o'clock in the tea-shops of seven sizeable seaside towns between Devon and the Nore; and in six of the seven I have seen people old enough and ugly enough to know better, making fools of themselves and their Dogs. I regret to state that five of the six wore trousers, *i.e.*, purported to be men. One of the Dogs so stupidly misprized was an Alsatian, one a Scotty, and the others Terrier nondescripts. Here's a typical example of the degrading buffoonery displayed:—By order the Alsatian, a fine big grey bitch, leapt into one of the basket chairs—this in a crowded public resort, mind you, with scores of ladies and children about in dainty frocks and fallals—sat up on her haunches, and, by numbers, waggled her forefeet in supplication, while her lolling tongue dripped on the table's edge. The grey-whiskered ass who thus guyed her and himself in public then waved a segment of buttered scone before her, his own fatuous glances to all sides the while showing real pride in his misused authority, and bade her 'Ask!' On the second sharp bark he tossed the scone, which was duly caught, of course, and gulped in a way to ensure tummy-ache. The human goose responsible for this exhibition (typical of all the others) obviously took credit to himself—confound him and all his idiotic tribe! May one ask you to bring the weight of your pen to bear to condemn all such pitiful 'trickery,' especially in resorts where it is clearly a public nuisance; apart from degrading good, honest four-legged persons, and bringing a noble race into disrepute."

The appeal speaks for itself, and should need no advocacy from any other pen. One had hoped the silly practice of teaching Dogs "tricks" was by now as much *démodé* as the "Lap-Dog," properly so-called, and the cruel silliness of pampering. (The breeds once known as "Lap-Dogs" are with us still, of course; long may they remain! But, generally speaking, they are rationally reared nowadays, and. their own natural decency being thus given a chance, they now include some of the jolliest little sportsmen of their race.) The value and importance (and the interest) of genuinely educating Dogs cannot easily be over-stated. It would be an excellent thing if the fanciers of every other breed would follow the lead of the Alsatianists in the matter of introducing competitions and prizes at all shows for "Obedience Classes," and other tests of that intelligent training and education which is such an important part of good breeding. Almost all Dogs respond readily to it, and bad manners in a Dog generally reflect bad manners in his owners or associates, rather than any fault inherent in the animal. But the deliberate teaching of what are called "tricks" it is difficult to characterise without profanity. If bad manners in a Dog mean neglect in some human, these humiliating exhibitions of "begging" and the like reflect vulgarity or vacuum, in the brain of a human. Imagine a parent teaching his children to balance bits of sugar on their noses at the tea-table! And the worst of it is that so many people who are offended and annoyed by such things as the use of chairs and tables in public places by Dogs, are moved thereby to hostility and resentment against Dogs as a race, notwithstanding that the fault lies wholly and solely with silly humans.

There are Shows at Havant and at Barnstaple to-day (Wednesday), and at Ryde, Birmingham, and Truro next week. Among the judges at Inverness Show next week will be the Duchess of Newcastle, Countess Howe, and Lady Kitty Ritson.

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PICTURESQUE ENGLAND
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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE race between the figures for prosecutions under the Motor Car Acts and those for persons killed and injured in street accidents continues apace! The prosecutions amounted in 1922 to 82,321, and had risen by 1925 to 150,762. In 1926 there were 163,344 persons prosecuted for various offences under the Motor Car Acts in England and Wales alone, while the number of people killed and injured in the whole of Great Britain was 138,774. Full figures of prosecutions in 1927 are not available, but the number of persons injured last year was 148,575, while there were no fewer than 5,329 persons killed. Solo motor cycles with pillion passengers—which have been the butt of so much criticism—were involved in 413 deaths. Solo machines without pillion passengers suffered 784 deaths and pedal cycles 417.

* *
*

IN connection with accidents the remarks of Mr. Picton Philipps, Chief Constable of Carmarthenshire, are worth repeating. In a report to the County Standing Joint Committee he has emphasised that the number of people injured through their own fault entirely far exceeded the number who suffered consequence of any culpable conduct or error of judgment by motor drivers. Pedestrians, he continued, though they had reached years of discretion, used the streets apparently oblivious of the invention of motor cars, and acted as if they were still living in the more leisurely period of the sedan chair.

* *
*

IN Coventry Cathedral recently, Mr. William Edmund Bullock, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bullock, was married to Miss Joan Muriel Bradstock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bradstock.

Mr. W. E. Bullock, senior, is a well-known figure in British industry for he is managing director of Singer and Co., Ltd., makers of Singer cars. Mr. Bradstock, the bride's father, is connected with the Dunlop Rubber Co., so that there was a distinct motoring interest in the wedding. The bridegroom, who is 26 years old, was educated at Malvern College, and is now Singer and Co.'s production engineer. Recently he went on an extended tour to promote Singer interests in Australia and other far-distant parts, but for the main time he is actively engaged at the Coventry and Birmingham works. The officiating clergyman was Canon Raison, Principal of Queen's College, Birmingham, who was Bullock junior's headmaster.

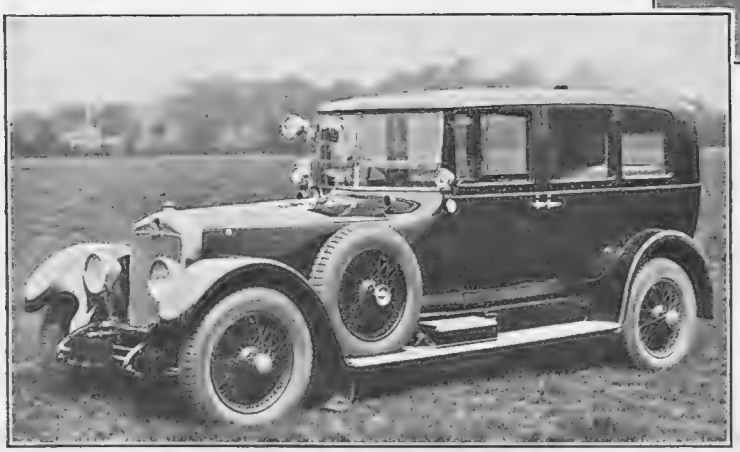
* *
*

THE make of car on which Mr. Kaye Don finished third in the 1,500 c.c. class of the Junior Car Club 200 miles race at Brooklands was inadvertently given in the "B.P." announcements of the result as a Bugatti. Mr. Kaye Don drove a Lea-Francis, and on "B.P." spirit maintained the very creditable average speed of 68.93 miles an hour.

Second-hand Cars

THE experience of an R.A.C. member serves as a useful reminder that the purchase of a second-hand car is often beset with many pitfalls. The member bought a second-hand car of popular make and found, in addition to being in poor running order, its age and history had been seriously misrepresented in the advertisement. The matter was placed in the hands of the R.A.C., who, after examining the car and verifying the facts, compelled the vendor to accept the return of the car and refund the purchase price. The vendor also made an allowance of £5 towards the member's out-of-pocket expenses. Unpleasant incidents of this kind can be avoided if the Club Engineer is given an opportunity of examining and reporting on a second-hand car or motor cycle before purchase. The services of the Club Engineer are, of course, only available to R.A.C. members and Associate Members.

A NEAT CAR
The newest Standard 9 h.p. Sports Saloon. The coachwork is particularly striking on this type of car



A HANDSOME MODEL
A photograph of the 40 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester Limousine recently built for H.I.H. Prince Chichibu of Japan. The bodywork is painted dark blue, with black mudguards chassis and valances, and the car is designed to seat seven persons

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The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, 23rd June 1928

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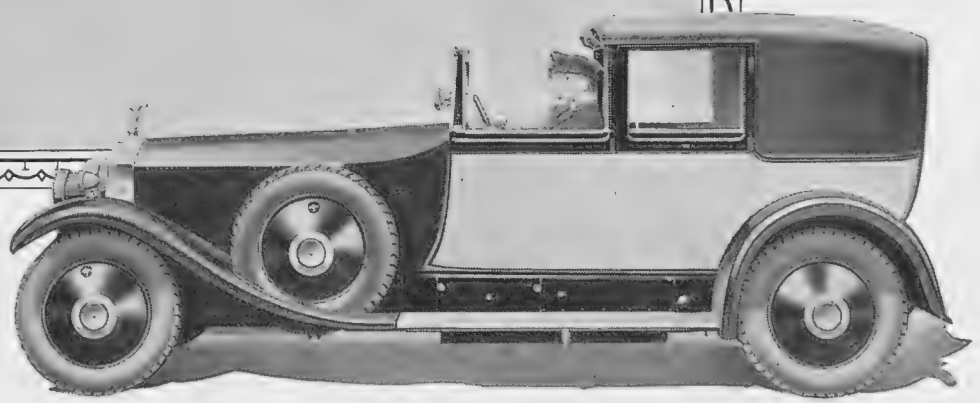

Kennington Service.

AT LAVINGTON PARK

A charming photograph of Jean and John Macdonald-Buchanan, the children of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan, and grandchildren of Lord Woolavington. They are seen here at Lavington Park, Lord Woolavington's Sussex seat

Femina

TURNING HOUSES INSIDE OUT

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THE most noticeable thing in the inside of houses of recent years has been the many attempts to give the illusion of not being inside a house at all. Decorators have tried almost literally to turn rooms inside out.

GONE, long since, is the old idea that the Englishman's home is his castle, a place, that is, where the thick walls and heavy doors and small windows gave him the very happy feeling that he had securely shut out the outside world, and that none of it could get in. It was a very good thing when that idea was modified so as to let in those things of the outside world that we equally want inside—sunlight and fresh air. But we have got much beyond modifying the castle idea so as to let these come freely in. The old Englishman prided himself on having four walls and having them strong. Whereas the modern Englishwoman prides herself on appearing not to have any walls at all.

IF you go into the modern Englishwoman's bathroom you may find yourself in mid-Atlantic, surrounded by waves, or at the bottom of the Pacific, surrounded by fishes. If you go into her drawing-room, you will very likely find yourself in the middle of a forest. If you go into her bedroom you may, for all you know, find yourself walking into a sunset.

THESE are a few of the attempts which decorators have made, and are making, to turn our houses inside out. Some of them are certainly very ingenious, but I doubt if any of them are really worth making. We none of us want to live in castles with walls a yard thick, but we should do much better to go back a few steps towards the castle idea, to go far enough back to it, at any rate, to admit that we do live between four walls and that there is nothing to be ashamed of in doing it.

I SAW two rooms the other day which were, quite unintentionally, the best and most practical comment which could be made on this modern fashion for trying to turn rooms inside out. They were in an exhibition, and are now, no doubt, dismantled, but I wish that they could have been kept as long as this fashion lasts.

THEY were both children's rooms, and one had been decorated in this modern fashion. Its ceiling was a dark blue sky thickly sprinkled with large silver stars. It had two lights, both in the ceiling. One lampshade was a star while the other was a crescent moon. The walls were also dark blue. Perhaps this had been done to suggest the dome of the sky meeting the earth (in this case the floor) at the horizon. Or perhaps it had been done for the more prosaic but much more practical reason that if one had light-coloured walls under a ceiling representing a dark blue sky, one would have the uncomfortable feeling that the sky would fall on one's head.

IN this sort of realism there is usually some weak spot. It may be very romantic to get into bed under a dark blue sky spangled with stars, and to switch off the crescent moon when you want to go to sleep. But what about waking up? To carry out the idea properly one would need two bedrooms, one for going to sleep (with a night sky), and one for waking up (with a sunrise), and some arrangement for moving the bed from one room to the other while the occupant was asleep.

NEXT to this room with the night sky was another not decorated in the modern fashion at all. The two were not only side by side, but—as this was at an exhibition—they had only three walls each, so that one could look at them both at the same time. This was unfortunate for the room with the night sky and the crescent moon, for the other room exposed, better than any argument, its weakness, and the weakness of the sort of false realism which it represented. I do not suppose that this was at all the intention of the exhibition, but the rooms might have been put side by side for this purpose.

THE second room was simply a room. It had a wallpaper on the walls with a very graceful conventional pattern of blue and pink flowers and green leaves. It had yellow woodwork and plain yellow-painted furniture. The two rooms were about the same size. They had the same outlook, and about the same window space. But the room with the flowered paper looked much the lighter, airier, more spacious of the two. The room with the blue walls and the stars was—simply because of its deep blue colour—cold and gloomy in comparison. In a word, the room which did not attempt to be anything but a room, gave you, much more than the room with the imitation sky, that lightness, airiness and space for which we go to the open air.

Hoppé

MISS FLORA MILNE

Who is playing the part of Veronica Elvery in Mr. Edgar Wallace's "Terror" with the Denis Neilson Terry and Mary Glynne Company. This company is now making a successful tour of the leading English watering places

A Dressing Down

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

HE: "What do you say to a quiet game?"
SHE: "Right. Buck up and change!"

Happy the man whom August 12th finds behind the butts. Happy, too, the dog. ("A dog's life" do we say?) No matter: there are compensations. Away from the moors a man can still quench a well-earned thirst in a clear, sparkling Ross's Ginger Ale. Ross's Indian Tonic is as good as Ross's Pale Dry. Try both for yourself.

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CRICKET

Some Promising Young Cricketers of 1928

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

THE season of 1928 has, at any rate, been a better cricketing season than that of 1927. We have had plenty of sun, hard wickets, and good gates. Has it produced an average crop of good young cricketers? I think we may answer that question in the affirmative, and say definitely that rather more than the usual number of talented young cricketers have been discovered. It is, perhaps, an occasion for rejoicing that quite a large proportion of these are clever bowlers who are bound to make a big mark in that department of the game if they have health and the leisure to devote to county cricket. I am not mentioning in this article those youngsters who have been chosen by the Selection Committee to represent the Old Country in Australia, because these have been all largely in the public eye for at least a season or two, and for the next nine months we may expect columns of print to be devoted to their separate and individual performances. Besides, in one of my previous articles in this paper I made a forecast of the English team for Australia, and am pleased to think that my judgment coincided so far with that of the Selection Committee that only two of my nominees have not been selected, and it is more than probable that one of those will be chosen if a seventeenth man is added to the side.

I have, therefore, already written something about the young players going to Australia, and I want to-day to say something about those who have really come into prominence this season for the first time and who have hitherto not been made the subject of much description in the Press.

Charity begins at home; therefore let me write, to start with, about our Hampshire fast bowler, young R. P. H. Utley. Perhaps it would be a misnomer to describe him as a *really* fast bowler, though he occasionally sends down a really fast ball; but he has the most extraordinary command of length, change of pace, and flight for a bowler of his speed, and uses his head more than any boy of his age I know.

He very rarely bowls a loose ball, and his stamina is great. Utley is not very tall, and at first sight does not look particularly strong. When, however, you look at his shoulders you see where some of his capacity for fast bowling comes from. It is a thousand pities that, according to present arrangements, Utley intends to give up first-class cricket at the end of this season. I have the highest opinion of his powers, and would prophesy a great future for him.

A. M. Crawley, of Oxford University and Kent, is another find of the season. He has made some half-dozen centuries this year, and I am told, though unfortunately I have not had the pleasure of seeing one of his innings, that he is a bat of the highest class and a really magnificent hitter on all sides of the wicket, besides being a fieldsman of no ordinary merit. As I believe he has another year at any rate at Oxford, we can conclude that he is not yet at anything like his best, and that in him has been discovered a successor to the classic amateur batsmen of the past. We may also hope that, although times are proverbially hard now, he may be able to devote some leisure to county cricket in the future after leaving the University.

Another great batsman of the Universities is, of course, K. S. Duleepsinhji. Him I have been fortunate enough to play with more than once, and I fully endorse what the more enthusiastic writers have said about his cricket. He has beautiful wrists, which he employs to perfection in his gliding and cutting strokes. He does not, indeed, often have a full-blooded blow at the ball, but his timing is wonderful and his shots travel at great speed. It shows the estimation in which he is held at Cambridge that the first day he was allowed by the doctor to practice at Fenner's a huge concourse of people surrounded the net in which he was playing. During the earlier cold weather this year he was not very successful, but with the approach of real summer warmth he has shown much of his old magic, and made his two centuries for Sussex. Had it not been for his unfortunate illness last winter I am convinced that the Selection Committee must have chosen him for the team to visit Australia this winter.

WILLIE QUAIFE By MAC

The Warwickshire veteran. His final appearance in first-class cricket ended in a blaze of glory, for he scored a fine century in his farewell match at Birmingham

May I mention one more player from the Universities?—H. M. Garland-Wells, of Oxford, who has been playing for Surrey since the Varsity match. At the moment Garland-Wells stands, I think, second amateur in the first-class batting averages. He is a fine, free player in front of the wicket, which is a very refreshing thing to see in these days. He has lovely shots through the covers, and is not afraid to lay the bat against the ball. He is, therefore, needless to say, a quick scorer; neither is he overawed by the importance of the occasion. He is also a very useful medium spin-bowler who has taken many good wickets both for Oxford and Surrey. No words of praise could be too high for his fielding.

Amongst young professionals we have a great player in Gibbons, of Worcestershire. He started the season in tremendous form, and, amongst other scores, got a really great hundred against Hampshire early on. His play reminds me very much of Hammond's—an excellent model for any cricketer to follow. He is a very fast scorer and a certain future England cricketer.

Two other splendid young professionals are Worthington and Townsend, both of Derbyshire. They are all-round players, in which type the Derbyshire team is particularly rich at the moment. Hampshire do not play Derbyshire, and so I have not had the good luck to meet them on the field, but from rumours in cricket circles which have reached my ears I have heard nothing but good of them both as men and cricketers, and the general conviction seems to be that with a year or two's experience they should go right to the top. I have very little more space, but I should not like to conclude without saying something about Iddon, of Lancashire. He was always, since he appeared in first-class cricket, a fine slow left-hand bowler with a particular knack of breaking up partnerships. This year he has improved out of all knowledge in his batting, and would make a splendid number seven in any team. Others I might mention are Langridge and J. H. Parks, of Sussex, whose cricket is of that champagne character always associated with the Sussex team.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

A ribbon threaded through slots, two soft wings, and a sharply upturned brim distinguish these three felt hats from Gorringes

The Autumn "Line"

THE feminine note which has grown in popularity throughout the summer is to be the prevailing mode during the autumn. The main factor in all styles is "line," and that is to remain, to a great extent, practically unaltered. It will be very slender, very supple, very full, without it being apparent where the fullness comes from. Some skirts are cut *en forme*, others have cunningly inserted godets, while many are gracefully draped. As to length, the uneven hem-line seems but to have strengthened its hold on woman's fancy, for it is seen in all except sports dresses and suits. For evening wear it is usually very pronounced, though not exaggerated in an unbecoming manner. For day dresses—elaborate afternoon gowns are seldom seen now—it is hinted at. . . . . and coats must follow the same line! This is very important, for it has been amply demonstrated that dipping draperies beneath a straight-cut wrap are far from beautiful. Evening coats made to accompany their own particular frock are very distinguished. Of soft velvet or metal brocade they have, instead of fur collars, wide tie-ends, which spring from the front and are knotted loosely just below the shoulder blades at the back in a manner that is faintly reminiscent of a monk's cowl.

Feminine Trimmings

A GLAD welcome will greet the return of lingerie collars, cuffs, and vests, in finest organdie, embroidered and trimmed with lace, or in georgette similarly adorned, or frilled, for nothing adds more to the character and freshness of a dress. These will appear on frocks which, at a glance, appear almost severely simple, but which are intricately worked with inconspicuous insets and *appliqués*. Belts also are becoming increasingly important as the tendency to define the figure becomes more pronounced. It has been said that to-day a woman is as old as her hip-line, and that is a fact that is going to be brought home to us more clearly than ever during the next few months. The third feature, which no one will be able to ignore, is bows, in ribbon, in fur, in *paillettes*, carelessly or formally tied, encrusted, *appliquéd*, embroidered; on dresses, on coats, and on hats.

New Notes in Millinery

HATS for the autumn are an engrossing topic of conversation just now, and on all sides one hears them being discussed. At Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, there may be seen some excellent and authoritative interpretations of Fashion's latest dictates in styles that are suitable for all occasions. Illustrated at the head of this page is a shady affair expressed in felt, the ribbon, which is threaded through slots in the crown and brim, being its outstanding

Furs are the most flattering things a woman can wear. This sumptuous stole comes from Barnado's, Grafton Street, Dublin

Sketches by Beta

An appreciation of loveliness is engendered by the possession of the charming novelties which Myosotis makes for the dressing table, and by the use of their Beauty Preparations

feature. It costs only 29*s.* 9*d.* In the centre is a hat with a foreshortened brim, across which trail two wings. It may be obtained for 42*s.* 9*d.* On the right a small felt pull-on is sharply upturned in front—a sure sign that it is one of the newest autumn arrivals. One may acquire it for 27*s.* 9*d.*

Woman's Kindest Flatterer

TO-DAY women regard furs not as a luxury but as a luxurious necessity, and because they are so becoming they insist upon wearing them all the year round. Those who place their faith in Barnado & Son, Grafton Street, Dublin, need never feel any misgivings, for the quality of every fur supplied by them is above reproach, and their prices are a matter for congratulation. The matching of skins is a kindred art to the matching of pearls, and great skill and patience are necessary to achieve success. Illustrated on the previous page is a sumptuous stole which comes from Barnado's, where a large selection of natural Canadian sable, natural stone marten, and baum marten scarves may always be found. Coats of peschaniki wear wonderfully, and look admirable, as do those of natural musquash. Some splendid examples of workmanship are present in coats of natural mink, squirrel, Persian lamb, and moleskin. Repairing and remodelling is a speciality of this house.

A Trusty Ally

IN the minds of most people the outstanding characteristic of all Englishmen is their healthy cleanliness both of mind and body, and since the latter has an undeniable influence upon the former, it may be regarded as a just claim that Wright's Coal Tar Soap is a national institution the far-reaching effects of which are appreciated the whole world over. By every member of the household it is used and liked because of its fresh outdoor odour and its splendid qualities of invigoration. In the nursery it is invaluable on account of the protection it affords against infectious diseases, while small people eagerly look forward to the cool comfort it brings to their flushed skin. Those who spend their days in cities and have to travel in crowded vehicles are glad to be able to avoid the risk of bringing contagion into their homes.

Aids to Beauty and Charm

ALL women inherently admire and long to possess beauty, in themselves and in the things by which they are surrounded. This is, perhaps, the reason why they turn to Myosotis, 7, Hanover Square, with such feelings of pleasure, for there they can always find charming novelties for the dressing-table—exquisitely cut bottles containing one of the famous Myosotis perfumes, powder puffs which are lovely to look at and a delight to use, and all sorts of things which to see is to desire. Nor must the Myosotis Beauty Preparations be overlooked. The Antiseptic Cleansing Milk and the Skin Tonic make the complexion clear and youthful, while the Foundation Cream is an ideal base for Myosotis Powder. It preserves a petal-like appearance at all times.

These small children love to use Wright's Coal Tar Soap because of the feeling of cool comfort which it brings to their flushed skin, while its antiseptic properties make it very valuable

Sketches by Booda

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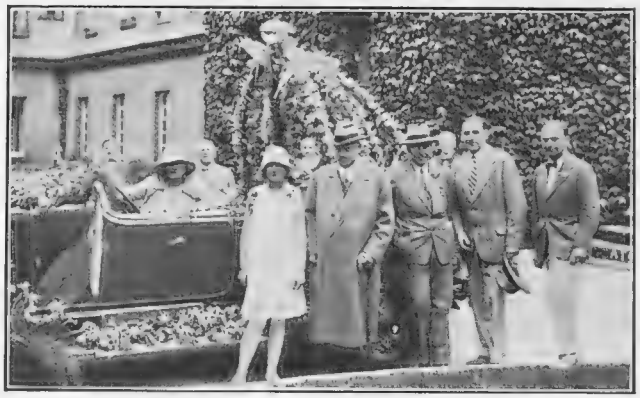
A Notable College

Founded in 1848 by the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Queen's College was the first College for Women. Queen Victoria was its first patroness and paid a visit thirty years ago. The Duchess of York came to receive purses in support of the appeal for funds for extension in 1924, and the students were delighted this year to welcome Her Majesty Queen Mary.

It provides education for students desirous of continuing their higher education at a university, and aims also at giving a good, efficient, all-round education on modern lines of academical standard for others who have no desire for specialisation. A very high standard is set in the lectures on literature, history and languages. The French lectures in literature are given by M. Emile Cammaerts, the distinguished Belgian poet and writer. All lectures are open to ladies not wishing to take the full College course. There are special departments, too, for the teaching of secretarial work, household management and domestic science, as well as courses for foreign students wishing to learn English. The musical department is presided over by Professor Walthew and several assistants, and the art department by Professor Innes Fripp. There is a preparatory school in connection with the College and accommodation for resident pupils under the same roof in Harley Street. The house students have many opportunities offered them of going to concerts, theatres or places of interest in the neighbourhood of London when not otherwise occupied. Natural history rambles are conducted by a botanist and entomologist of high standing. For games there are hockey, tennis, netball and swimming. Arrangements have now been made for a further extension of the educational facilities of the College, one important addition being that of a splendid new gymnasium.

A WOMEN'S COLLEGE

A view of the interior of Queen's College



SUMMER IN GERMANY

A group including Dr. Stresemann, Germany's Minister for Foreign Affairs, photographed at the Cure-resort on the Bühlerhöe. Dr. Stresemann is seen on the left of the group

A Great Saving

A noteworthy instance has just occurred showing how the cost of a household article can be brought down by its production getting on to a world-wide scale. Twenty-eight years ago a famous chemist discovered a new kind of skin healing preparation; and Zam-buk came to be produced at great cost on a small scale. People began to talk of its special properties and the sale grew. Then by judicious advertising these qualities were made known in other countries. Laboratories for the production of Zam-buk have at length been created in every continent, and the original high cost has been gradually brought down until to-day, the proprietors are able to give 50 per cent. more Zam-buk for the same money. It is claimed that Zam-buk is easily the most universally adopted healing preparation. Its uses are told in forty different languages.

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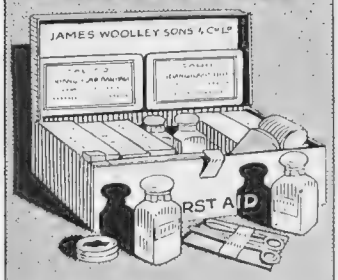

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A Fish Salad.
Duck en Casserole with Peas.
Compôte of Melon.
Savoury—Tongue Squares (cold).

A Fish Salad

THIS is very good, and can be made with the remains of salmon or any cold boiled fish. Cut or break up the fish into small pieces, and break up the leaves of a lettuce, add four tarragon leaves and a little chervil, season with pepper and salt, put in three or four spoonfuls of salad oil and two of French vinegar, according to taste, mix all thoroughly, and serve.

Duck en Casserole with Peas

Put a partly cooked duck in a casserole with 1½ oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, three-quarters of a pint of stock, a sprig of thyme and parsley, a little onion juice, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, one of red-currant jelly, and a little glaze. Cut the duck neatly into joints, melt the butter in the casserole, and toss the joints of the duck in this. Then sprinkle in the flour, fry a pale brown, add the stock, and stir smoothly. Add the rest of the ingredients, and, if necessary, a few drops of browning. Cover the casserole, and let the contents simmer for half an hour. Take out the herbs, and serve with peas.

Compôte of Melon

Now water-melons are plentiful on the market, the following recipe is recommended:—Put 1 lb. of white sugar into a pan. Add one pint of cold water and a few drops of lemon juice. Boil fast, skimming it well, till it is reduced to about half. Have ready a peeled melon with the seeds removed, and cut into thick pieces about two inches long and half an inch thick. Lay these pieces in the syrup, add a pinch of cinnamon, and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Then take the pan off the fire, and let it remain till quite cold. Cut the slices of melon into a glass dish, and strain syrup over them.

Tongue Square—Cold

Fry some squares of bread, springle over them 1 oz. of grated cheese (Parmesan if at hand), season with cayenne and salt. Stir into 2 oz. of grated tongue, one small teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, heap each piece of toast nice and high with the grated tongue. Serve cold. Emilia.

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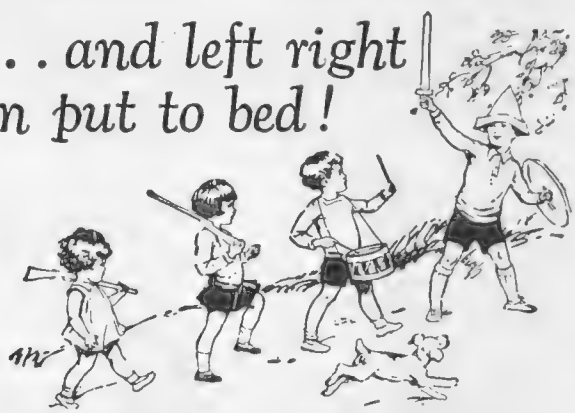
'LEFT, RIGHT . . . LEFT, RIGHT . . .'

. . . and left right when put to bed!



UP and down the young army goes. There'll be a mock battle soon when Dick and Molly invade the "fort." And then Nurse will come and collect the combatants and pack them off to bed.

They'll be bathed first. They'll be bathed with Wright's. Mother is very particular about Wright's; she won't have any other soap in the bathroom. She knows that Wright's does more than cleanse the skin. It protects from infection—a risk every child runs in rough and tumble play. And so the kiddies go to bed all fresh and sweet and safeguarded in health.

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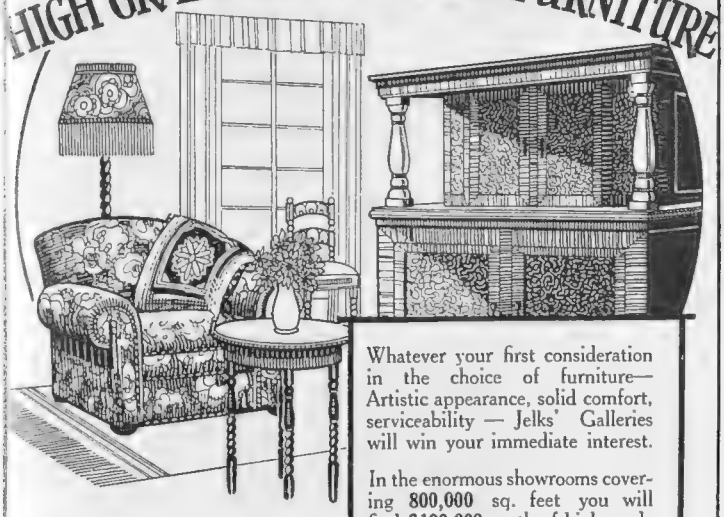

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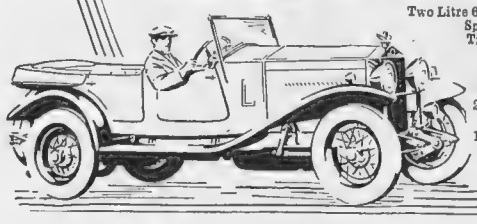

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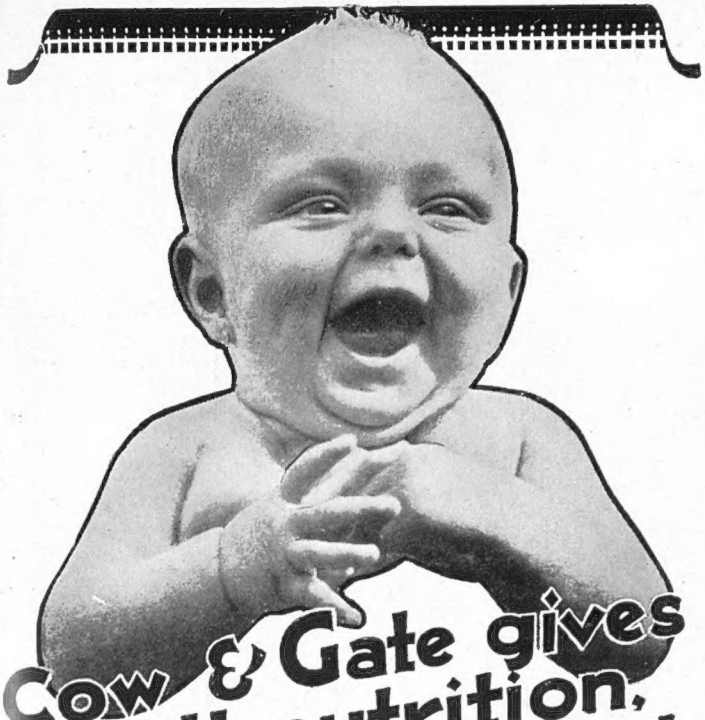

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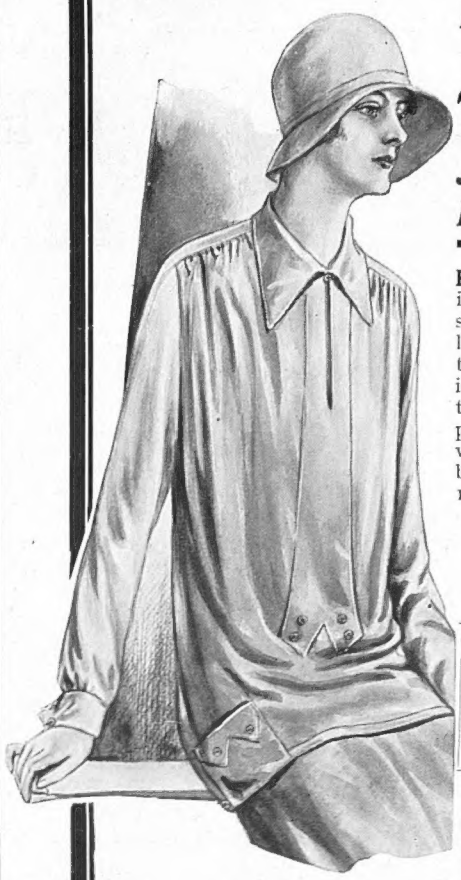

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